JOHN BULL

Vol. VI. No. 150. | SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909. | ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

No. 037883

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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GOLD MEDAL AT FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1908.

CONTRACTORS TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AND THE R.A.M.C.

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Send this coupon and three penny stamps (to pay cost of carriage) to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you will receive a trial bottle of delicious wine tonic free.

Sign this Coupon

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"John Bull," April 17, 1909. No. 1.

NOTICE.

There is a great difference in asking for a tonic or pick-me-up and in asking for "Wincarnis." In one case you *may* get something to do you good; in the other *you are sure* of it. Refuse substitutes.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VI. No. 150. Saturday, April 17th, 1909. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Editor has been having rather a rough time of it lately. As he predicted a few weeks ago, there have duly been various "civil echoes of the Guildhall war-whoop." First there was the case of *Murray v. Bottomley*—now under appeal—in which the jury would *not* find that there had been "fraudulent misrepresentation"; and then there have been the applications in the Court of Appeal in the action of *Eyre v. Bottomley and Others*, in which, up to the present, we have had no *locus standi*, which will no longer be the case the next time the matter comes before the Court. And then there is a Mr. Parker, who, through his executors, claims to have a grievance, although, strange to say, it has not occurred to the solicitors to allege fraud or misrepresentation. This, we think, exhausts the list, and we trust we shall not be guilty of contempt of court if we express the hope—we must not say the conviction—that six months hence the plaintiffs in these actions will be no richer by any contributions from ourselves to their exchequers.

The General Election is coming. The Budget cannot be long delayed—and that will be the beginning of the end. Poor Lloyd George! We are very sorry for him. When the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, Asquith will be praised as the man who invented Old Age Pensions, and Lloyd George as the man who was left to pay for them. Perhaps, too, Asquith may be spoken of as the man who knocked off the Sugar Tax, and Lloyd George as he who had to put it on again. And all because there isn't one business man in the Government to show how to raise the money.

It is amusing to read the various explanations of the Socialist and Labour papers concerning the *débâcle* of Mr. Frank Smith at Croydon. The simple fact of the matter is that the Labour Party in Parliament is getting more and more out of touch with real working class feeling in the country. The workers of England are not in favour of the Licensing Bill or the closing of the pubs during elections, or anything like it, and they resent the platform and Parliamentary efforts of their representatives on behalf of the "temperance" faddists. They resent particularly the unfounded censures of Mr. Philip Snowden—who has made an absurd and shuffling attempt to explain his recent indiscretion at Bradford: an indiscretion which, with the indiscretion of another Labour member less obviously in the cause of Whittaker, was much spoken of during the Croydon contest, although Mr. Snowden was not there. On the other hand, the workers of England are in favour of a Navy of indisputable superiority, and the Labour Party in Parliament is not and Mr. Smith is not. Moreover, the Croydon workers did not see in what way Mr. Smith and the other Labour leaders would contribute more to the solution of the Unemployed problem than the Liberal party.

In short, the Croydon workers who voted for Stranks in the hope of an immediate remedy for unemployment at the General Election, voted this time for Hermon-Hodge in the same hope. Socialism had given them nothing, they argued; Tariff Reform could give them no less. The warning of Croydon to the Labour Party was clear. The eight hundred odd votes given to Smith represented the Socialist vote—the votes of out-and-out Socialists who would go straight for their man under any conditions. The Labour Party was deserted by even organised Trade Union labour. So it will be at the next General Election, unless the leaders drop their sanctimonious preaching about the evils of drink and begin to do the things they were sent to Parliament to do. "Compulsory" teetotalism and "A Weak Navy" are not very good election cries, when you come to think of it. Only old-age pensions saved Mr. Raphael from a set-back almost as disgraceful as that of the Labour man. The people want social reform and national safety; and they know we can afford both.

At the time of writing we much regret to hear that Mr. Jesse Collings is in a serious condition. Undoubtedly he has made a more successful innings in life than he could have imagined in his childhood's dreams, and men of all parties hope that he will pull through the valley of the shadow and soon be able to say "78 and still batting." He is much indebted to Joseph and the land of Joseph, but he has been a faithful friend to his patron. Joseph and Jesse have been like unto Saul and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias. If Jesse owes much to Joseph he has given much—faithful service, unswerving personal devotion, and ceaseless championship. A friendship such as this is good to see in public life, because both of its rarity and of its example. We are delighted to learn that the latest news is more reassuring, but at seventy-eight Nature's warnings may not be disregarded.

master, may be all that [illegible] that he recently made imply, but he has his [illegible] He does not stint outlay. On the Boulevard des Italiens he has just opened "the most up-to-date and luxurious post-office in the world." It is made of massive oak, with gilded cornices, enamelled walls, beautiful brasswork, tesselated pavements and evergreens and spring bulbs in pots. The telephone boxes are of polished mahogany and there are Turkey carpets for the tired feet, and high-backed chairs for the tired other parts of the public. So far one correspondent. Another says that you cannot buy a postage stamp in Paris or use the 'phone even now, though the strike is supposed to have been over weeks ago, because the staff "stands in groups and discusses the situation." That is a drawback, but having Turkey carpets and high-backed chairs one may put up with small interruptions to business. One day, no doubt, there will be a post-office in London where it is possible to sit down, if only on a hard deal board. There may even be one which boasts a pen that is not cross-nibbed, a piece of blotting-paper that blots, and a bit of lead pencil which has not been regularly sucked by unclean lips since the days of Sir Rowland Hill. A rumour has indeed reached us that a quite civil lady clerk has been discovered behind the grille in one of the City offices; and there is also a report, to which we give currency under all reserve, that a charwoman has been hired to make an annual round of the telephone receivers and scrape them out with a miniature muck-fork and a squeegee.

Our notorious friend, Archdeacon Colley, has been at it again. A few days ago he held a praying circle in Hull for the taking of alleged spirit photographs. A packet of sealed Warwick plates having been used for the purpose of the incantations, they were afterwards handed over to the local Society of Spook Hunters, otherwise the Hull Psychical Research Society, the secretary of which handed them to a firm of Hull photographers for development. There the photographer noticed, for one thing, that only two plates were in the sealed packet, whereas it is customary for the Warwick company to pack their plates in dozens and half-dozens. But it was explained that the Archdeacon had the plates specially packed in this way for convenience of carriage. If spirit photographs had appeared on the plates there would have been good grounds for suspicion, but the photographer drew a blank. Not that this is surprising. Spirit photographs are never produced unless there has been an opportunity of faking the plates or the camera. Old Colley, as we have said before, is an obvious humbug.

Asked by a reporter who it was who had initiated the new game of seizing Sunday newspapers at Swansea, the Chief Constable is reported to have smiled in silence. In the case of one young fellow whose stock near the Swansea hospital was commandeered, he is said to be at the moment the sole support of his family. The police also seized the stock of another man. In both instances the alleged authority for this high-handed and monstrous action is alleged to be derived under the Act of Charles II. We do not suppose for a moment that the police are acting on their own responsibility. There is evidently some unduly holy man behind the business, his hope being that if he can justify this seizure of stock he can frighten the Sunday traders of Swansea out of existence. It is difficult to believe that any such right arises under the Act. Indeed, the police themselves admit that the seizures have been deliberately made as a test. Certainly it is an outrageous one; and we hope that when the cases come before the High Court their lordships will severely mark their sense of this gross abuse of authority and power.

There has been an echo of the fight over the rejected "Education" Bill in the board-room of the South Molton Guardians, who have been engaged in mortifying a lad's flesh and squabbling as to whether the Nonconformists or Anglicans shall have earthly charge and heavenly direction of his soul. One of the members took a boy out of the workhouse and apprenticed him in his business under agreement with the board. The boy told his guardian that he was a Nonconformist, and he was therefore taken to chapel on Sundays. The other members having heard of this, alleged that the lad has always been brought up in the workhouse to have his soul saved in and by the Church. In the end, therefore, the boy's master said that if he could not bring up the lad with him at chapel he would return him to the workhouse, where he now is, waiting until he finds a job with somebody who will bring him up at church. It may be admitted that there is more timber in the world than that which the South Molton Guardians carry under their hats.

Speaking of the dear brethren, we are informed that the rector of S. Columb, Cornwall, has discharged one of his parishioners for attending chapel. "As," he says, "Mr. E. A. Pratt has broken the rule of the Guild by attending service at a Dissenting chapel, the rector requests him to return his badge and manual, as he ceases to belong to the Guild. He also wishes him to understand that he cannot allow him to undertake the duties of Sacristan, and also that he no longer regards him as a Server. The rector is sorry to be obliged to act thus, and is also deeply grieved at the scandal to the church caused by one of whom he hoped better things, but who has so sadly failed in his duty." The Rector of S. Columb should either go and live near the South Molton Guardians or the South Molton Guardians should go and live near the Rector of S. Columb. They would make quite a delightful Christian colony.

And if the Rev. Bruce Cornford, of Southsea—with whom our "Hurly Burly" contributor had a word last week—can conveniently manage it, he might join the happy throng also. Mr. Cornford believes in advertising by handbill. One is now before us, signed by his reverence. In this he explains how in "those dark days" of Roman Catholicism in England the priest distributed to the people on Good Friday a wafer with a cross upon it. "This was regarded as a kind of charm, and the abuse of it is now seen in its abominable survival in the shape of a cheap bun. I ask every parent of any child in our schools not to allow this unseemly custom to find an entrance in their homes." With the grammar of the sentence, or with the ecclesiastical aspects of the hot-cross bun we do not trouble ourselves, but from the dietetic point of view the bun certainly does strike us as a delusion and a snare. Our rev. friend has got the correct story of the cross on the bun, but he has failed to tell the story of the currants; which is that one Good Friday certain sailors having nothing better to do stuck a lump of dough on a nail in the mast and then commenced to throw currants at it from a distance of fifty yards. Only one currant hit the bull's-eye; and one currant, when you find it, has been the sacred sign of mourning in the hot-cross bun ever since.

One of the side issues of the Navy problem is that of manning our ships, and in this connection might not it be worth while for the Board of Trade to insist that wherever possible only British sailors should be employed in our mercantile marine? In this way, we should be creating a considerable reserve of strength, and perhaps, at the same time, doing something to ameliorate the problem of unemployment.

Whilst we have been showing how hard it is for possibly sane persons confined in private lunatic asylums to obtain independent medical adjudication on their cases, the residents of Epsom and district have been crying out at the ease with which apparently dangerous lunatics can escape from the County Asylum. It is hardly an exaggeration to state that over a great part of rural Surrey a condition of terror has been created, among the womenfolk especially, by the too frequent reports of "Another Madman at Large." The authorities have inquired, by no means too soon, into the matter; for the delights of a country cottage after dark may be greatly militated against by the suspicion that a maniac with a large chopper is waiting in the wood-shed or is concealed in the greenhouse frame. We have little sympathy with super-sensitive persons who object to the unfortunate inmates being taken for walks on the Surrey roads, for the poor creatures must be housed somewhere near the great towns from which they come, unless they are to be deprived altogether of the visits of their friends; and the humane public would not keep a dog, much less a demented man, enclosed for ever within a ring fence. It is rough on property-owners, no doubt, that these lunatic parades interfere with the letting of their houses; and it would be well so far as possible to exercise the patients in small bodies rather than in huge gangs. We have an idea that the understaffing of the County Asylums is at the bottom of most of the trouble. Even the low average of escapes, of 1¾ per thousand per annum, is 1¾ too many—whilst there is some irony in the idea of three-quarters of a lunatic.

The Lord Chancellor's Committee, of which Lord Gorell, the late President of the Divorce Court, has been prominent, makes a number of drastic recommendations for the reform of the divorce law. They are mainly on the lines urged, time and time again, in these columns, though they do not touch the serious question of lunacy as it affects marital relationships. If the recommendations are carried out, provincial divorce courts will be instituted, divorce will be cheaper, the procedure will be shortened, and appeal will be allowed. There is one recommendation, however, which by no means appeals to us. It is that the right of publication of proceedings in provincial courts shall be "confined" to the decrees, and that "consideration" should be given to the application of a similar prohibition to the London court. If the publication of evidence in divorce courts is to be prohibited, it should be prohibited simultaneously in London and provincial courts alike. There is no good reason for any distinction being made.

The hand of Lord Gorell is evident in the phrase that "there is practically one law for those who can afford to bring a suit in the divorce court, and another for those who cannot. There is a practical denial of justice to numbers of people who belong to ranks in life in which the relief to be obtained is probably more necessary than in the ranks above them." It is unquestionable that hundreds of married persons endure the miseries of unhappy homes because they are unable to obtain sufficient money to pay the costs of a divorce in London. When you come to think of it, this is not only an extraordinary injustice, but an extraordinary absurdity. Outside London one may sue or be sued, and tried for murder, arson, attempted suicide, or wandering around without visible means of subsistence, yet cases for dissolution of marriage are alone withdrawn from provincial courts, the practical consequence being to give people living in London an advantage over those living in the country. It is really an ecclesiastical survival—and it must go.

Buy Bottomley's Book. Of all newsagents, booksellers, and bookstalls.

If Madam... ing that "you... teachers," and it ...hat men teachers are not so good as wo...n teachers, she has been talking nonsense. Apart from the fact that her own early teacher was a man, what explanation can she give of the tremendous triumphs of two or three generations of leading singers trained by the late Manuel Garcia? Probably Garcia was the most successful teacher of singing, as well as the most truly scientific, that has ever lived. He taught most of the women teachers who are worth their salt all that they know and much that they are incapable of utilising. Of course, there are bad male singing teachers—bad perhaps in more senses than one; but there are quite as many women teachers equally bad. We are chivalrous to the last inch; but truth must out.

The Vicar of St. Stephen's, Clewer, has a Parish magazine, as every good vicar has. The April number is now before us, and we cannot resist the temptation to cull the following touching extract:—

> THRIFT.—The Vicar gratefully acknowledges receipt of about a score of clean half sheets of writing paper in an indiarubber band. Would the kind donor another time tear the paper *straight*, so that it may not be untidy? And has she no idea of thrift herself? Another kind friend the other day gave the Vicar a new greatcoat. He was grateful, of course, and before it came did not know he wanted a new one. The existing one was only 32 years old, and was quite decent and fit to wear anywhere. It had accompanied the Vicar to Rome and all over the Continent. He paid Mr. Manley four guineas for it in 1876. If people take no care of their clothes, of course they don't last, *nor* if they employ a second or third rate tailor. Mr. Manley was Churchwarden of Holy Trinity in those days: a most estimable man in and out of business. Then his son had the business, and now Mr. W. M. Jackson. The old coat was sent to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, in accordance with the precept of St. Luke iii. 11.

We shall look confidently to the May issue for Mr. W. H. Jackson's donation. Meanwhile, we have called the attention of our own valet to St. Luke iii. 11.

A reader from Bangkok (where JOHN BULL *does* get to!) tells us that the Earl of Meath never lets an opportunity pass without lecturing people out there on their "duty to the Flag and the Empire," but whilst engaged on his rounds he invariably travels in a Norddeutscher-Lloyd steamer, although there are plenty of splendidly appointed boats, British owned and manned and carrying the British mail, on the same route. He further asks, why it is that "British Ministers, Consuls and officials, travelling to and from their stations in the East, invariably travel by the German lines in preference to British steamers?" and concludes with the query, "why not encourage the British shipowner by giving him all the help possible, when he is competing against heavily subsidised lines taking the trade from our own ports and people?" Apart from economics, there is a good deal to be said for these enquiries.

Declarations of the Prime Minister and Mr. Runciman on the Budget rather pique our curiosity as to whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has decided to avail himself of some of those practical suggestions for raising the wind which we made in the last and previous Budget debates. Certainly we offered him an embarrassment of hen roosts; he has but to swoop down and take the tribute with boldness and enterprise; subject, of course, to the approval of the House of Lords, which may also dare much to win much. Meanwhile Mr. Lloyd George keeps his secrets well—that is, if he really has any.

...evonshire
...ne language
of the local pa...

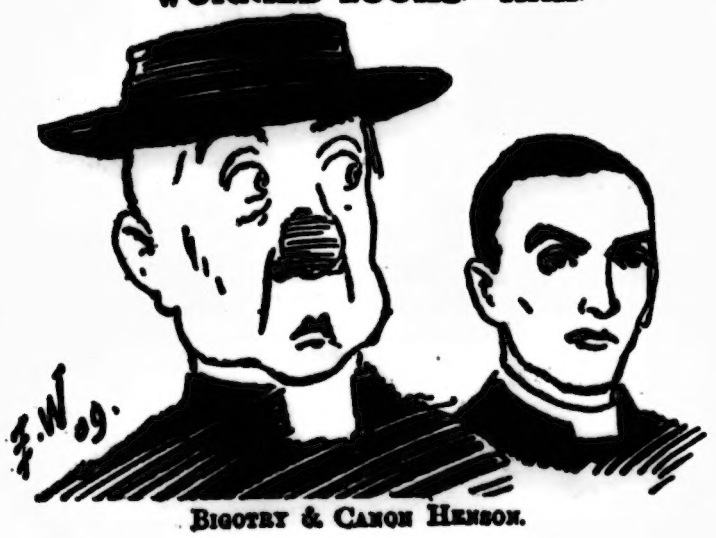
P.S. Fishleigh sa... ...o on the afternoon of the 25th ult., while in plain clothes, he saw seven men playing skittles. Witness was asked by one of them if he was a policeman, and he answered, "Not likely." He was then asked to join in a game of four a-side, and he replied "Yes, by all means." When asked for his initials, for scoring purposes, he said "F. J." They played three games, and each time the losers paid 1½d. Witness lost one game. Four of them paid 1½d. each for the "setter up." The money was handed to the landlady, who said, "There's 3d. each to come to you." Witness had his drink in a field.

We agree with the Cullompton Bench that iniquities of this character must be put down with a firm hand, and we, therefore, rejoice that the licensed victualler in whose field the reckless gambling occurred was duly fined. But what about the noble police officer, to whose intelligence and ingenuity the discovery of the crime was due? Surely he is entitled to some recognition. What say our readers to the Order of the Boot?

May we ask the Suffragettes to be more merciful to policemen? They are an exceedingly useful body of men, and, taking one consideration with another, mean well. Yet we read that during their last raid on the House of Commons "one of the women deliberately struck a young policeman twice in the face, knocking off his helmet." Often it is a man's misfortune and not his fault that he was born to be a policeman, and for this woman to strike the young constable in this way was to take a mean advantage of her brute strength. As the late John Bright remarked, Force is no remedy. Besides, even a policeman has feelings.

And now comes the report that the Suffragettes are learning the general art of *ju-jitsu* and that exponents of it are to be on view at the Fair of the Women's Freedom League in Caxton Hall. This will be terrible news for policemen. With an army of ladies capable of putting *ju-jitsu* on the force, the whole aspect of the Suffragette agitation may change, and instead of the police being the victors they may easily become the vanquished. The strength of the Japanese system of self-defence is not on the lines of greatest, but on those of least, resistance. You expend your strength, the Jap tries to get you to exhaust it, and then by some subtle trip or twist of arm or leg you must yield or be broken on the rack of his opportunity. A Suffragette who knows *ju-jitsu* might easily be a match for a policeman who didn't. He could not even blow his whistle for assistance; and the only thing to do would be for the Mayor of Westminster to call out the troops. Verily the women have arrived.

WORRIED LOOKS—XXII.



Bigotry & Canon Henson.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "Heaven is full of old maids. There is not a SINGLE MARRIED *woman in it,"*
THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the usual question at a wedding is, 'Wilt thou have this MAN *to be thy wedded wife?'"*
THE BRITISH BANDSMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For placing the following notice in his shop window: "CHILDREN *are* SERVED *here in sealed bottles as usual."*
MR. C. BATTERLESS, OF 196, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (when writing of Miss Gertrude Gardner as Iris) that "her beautiful VOICE *is* SEEN *to great advantage in the charming songs put into her mouth,"*
THE SOUTHEND AND WESTCLIFF GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading an account of a meeting of the Bray Urban Council held for the purpose of adjusting the poor rate for the coming year, "RATS *in Tears."*
THE DUBLIN MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a police officer "had NOT ENTERED *the theatre before* HIS PRESENCE WAS KNOWN,"
THE MONTREAL GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing the following: "Abraham Lincoln, of the United States, whose birth 300 YEARS AGO *has recently been celebrated, etc.,"*
THE WAR CRY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating, after reporting a wedding that "Later in the afternoon the happy couple left for South Devon, the bride travelling in a tailor-*MAID *costume of Saxe-blue cloth and hat to match,"*
THE CRYSTAL PALACE DISTRICT ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the St. Pancras Hotel as follows:—"It STANDS *not unlike a peacock picking a dainty way among a chattering, quarrelsome lot of barndoor fowls,"*
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For offering "BONES *for Sale, average size, about 2ft square,"*
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following announcement, under the heading "Birth": "*Thomas,* 30TH APRIL, *1909, at Bemerton, Hills-road, Cambridge, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thomas, a son."*
THE CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the seventeen-year-old Agnes Welsh has been shot and probably fatally wounded by her youthful FIANCEE,"
THE GLASGOW WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Yesterday AFTERNOON *the annual* TWO DAYS' *sale of work, in aid of the Church Missionary Society,* WAS HELD *in the Christ Church Parish Hall, Chislehurst,"*
THE SIDCUP AND DISTRICT TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing, under the date of APRIL 4TH, 1909, *that "on* APRIL 2ND, *the Postmaster-General will open a new post-office at Stoke-on-Trent,"*
THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

WILLIAM BOOTH—80.

BY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS HIM.

William Booth—evangelist, preacher, maker and manager of the Salvation Army, company promoter, assurance director, banker, farmer, printer, publisher, and bookseller, tea merchant, commission agent for lamps, bicycles, pianos and drapery, author, hymn-writer, financier, politician, and monarch of men's consciences in all parts of the world—was eighty years of age last Saturday, and readers of John Bull, with true sporting pleasure, no doubt wished the old man many happy and prosperous returns of the day. Physically, mentally, and religiously he is a great man in the opinion of many besides himself.

He Marries Catherine Mumford.

His career is without parallel in modern history. His father was a Nottingham builder and nothing more. William his eldest son, was precocious in his youth. With the Salvationist's preference for the sensational, Booth himself says every Sunday that he preaches that at this time he was very wicked. He cheated at games and surreptitiously visited the jam-pot—all acts of criminality! At fifteen his precocity stopped. Willie joined the Methodists, took to circulating tracts, and exhorting the world to flee from sin and Hell and do as he had done. He was tall, attractive, enthusiastic and self-assertive. The rough-and-tumble element of Nottingham slums rallied to the boy preacher and marched with him to the local Mecca of Methodism. But the spiritual lords of this sanctuary boycotted Booth, and his doctrines were side-tracked. Booth, wroth and eager to make his way in the world, hied to London, as a clerk to a pawnbroker. He struggled with poverty for a time, and he tells of how once he came to his last sixpence, which he gave to a woman dying of consumption. But here the happiest event of his life occurred. He met Catherine Mumford, his future wife, without whom Booth would have remained in obscurity. This noble-minded woman's influence upon Booth's somewhat neurotic temperament was reformative. She corrected his indiscretion, refined his mind, and stirred his ambition to become a parson. And a parson he became, slipping into the office without college training or long systematic study. He married, travelled England as a Methodist preacher, till he threw off the yoke of pastoral discipline. He was more of a wild propagandist than a Bible expounder. The pulpit was too circumscribed for him. He needed a platform on which to stamp his foot and perform gymnastics. He asked for and obtained consent to evangelise; but, a born disturber of the peace, he soon got to loggerheads with the Church authorities, and he was ordered to return to the more settled duties of a circuit. "Never!" shouted Mrs. Booth from the gallery of the church when the decision of the fathers of the Conference was announced, and there and then Booth, with his wife and small children, turned his back upon religious conventicles for ever. He resumed evangelising on his own account, and in due time came to London once more, where he met with one or two rich patrons, started a mission in Whitechapel, which extended to insignificant branches, run by inexperienced and ignorant men and women at a low salary. Booth's direction of this mission was absolute, and his workers called him first Mr. Booth, then super, then Governor, and, finally, General. While compiling a begging appeal in aid of his mission, Booth characterised it as a volunteer army. Pausing for a moment he put his pen through "volunteer" and substituted the word "salvation." The name Salvation Army suggested military ideas and proclivities. Result: military dress, titles, orders, phraseology, music, song and slang. The Salvation Army is not a carefully-devised plan. It has simply grown like a certain baby, and Booth grew with it, and his sons and daughters had conferred on them the choice positions, each reproducing, in a greater or lesser degree, the resourceful, magnetic, and masterful characteristics of their General-pa.

Secrecy as to Numbers.

The story of the Army's expansion since those days is well known. It has emerged, successfully, from ridicule into a realm of semi-popular, aristocratic and royal respect. But the concern is still, and must be for years to come, in the experimental or speculative stage, for it possesses, as yet, few of the essential forces of permanence. Its system of control has not yet experienced any severe trial, such as Methodism underwent in the forties. Its "superior" aloofness from other social and religious bodies is more than a phase—it exhibits a policy, and when the laity, which are at present voiceless in the councils of the organisation, become intelligently conscious of this undemocratic and uncharitable attitude, there will be, must be, ructions. Then its leadership is personal, and, therefore, largely arbitrary, for no military code or book of regulations can safeguard the rights of a minority when vetoes are left to the decision of men and women who, in this work, largely spring from the domestic and labouring classes. The operation of this principle of government accounts for the admitted failure of the Army in the north of England, about which I can write from an intimate knowledge of the situation. Numerically the Salvation Army is an unknown quantity. The officers on the field are ignorant of its strength. Even the staff do not know. No one knows outside the well-placed elect at the top. *This is the only religious organisation in the world that does not publish statistics of membership*, and so averse are the leaders to the publicity of this item that I venture to predict that if John Bull were to offer Booth £1,000 as a birthday gift on condition that he informed the British public through its columns the number of the "soliders," the offer would be refused. Local religious censuses have revealed here and there the actual paucity of the men behind the drum, but it would be unfair to deduct from local statistics the Army's national strength. The most serious fact is the persistent concealment of the fact, and is presumptive evidence of serious weakness. Numbers do not count for much, I admit, in a cause in its early stages, but the Army has now been in full swing for thirty years, and we should know, the public ought to know, what it has had in actual results for its money.

The Social Scheme.

Then a more serious consideration arises at this hour in connection with the General's social scheme. How does it stand? Two things about it are abundantly clear—not one section of it is self-supporting and it has not solved one of the problems that served to make a success of the book "In Darkest England and the Way Out." The value of this branch of the work is, it will not be denied, purely ameliorative, and, in individual cases, redemptive. In his saner moments the shelters, workshops, fruit gardens, dairy farms and piggeries must be subjects of bitter disappointment to the old General, who possesses, in an abnormal degree, the vices of his virtues.

Booth's religious ideas have been responsible all through his life for blinding his eyes to the true state of affairs within his own domain. If he could but see his movement as a disinterested statesman for an hour he would receive a rude awakening, but while he dreams of world conquests, and talks of turning St. Helena into a Salvation settlement for idlers, drunkards, and criminals, and indulges in fantasies of the Army's dominion of land and sea, he will continue to make the mistake that all idealists have fallen into, of magnifying results and deducting false and exaggerated conclusions from them. Booth is one of the most self-deceived men of the first decade of the twentieth century.

Worker, Traveller and Showman.

As a worker there is not his like in the world. As a traveller he has no rival. As a religious showman there never will be his like again. As a preacher he is an enigma. He draws enormous crowds wherever he journeys. One would naturally expect that he would be "played out" in the north of England, for he holds to almost barbarian views as to the punishment of non-believers in his gospel. Yet he will to-day fill the biggest theatres in the north, and sway them as he will while he thunders forth brimstone upon the unrepentant sinners, just as he did when he was a Methodist parson on the banks of the Tyne over fifty years ago. The old man is the last of the Hellfire, come-and-be-saved-right-away prophets, and he sees little service in civilisation except it is to lull them to sleep while they drift toward the Niagara of eternal destruction.

In his domestic and private life he is a man of contradictions—moody and impatient, and yet ever industrious; hot-tempered and arrogant, and yet given to mercy; witty, humorous and boyish, and again peremptory, commanding, domineering, insulting. Sincere as Gabriel, his language at moments of indignation and exasperation is vulgar, and some of his sayings in public approach the blasphemous.

At Home.

As a ruler of his own household he has not been a success. He lost his talented son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the United States, who started a rival army. Booth may have been right or wrong on the questions that divided him from his son and daughter; but it is difficult to believe that any other society would have allowed such a remarkable couple as are the Ballingtons to quit the fold. There is a mystery about it.

The Autocracy, and What Comes of It.

The eldest daughter—La Maréchale was her title in Paris—has for years been opposed to the system of the Army, and preaches no longer in the girdle bonnet, but evangelises various missions. Her brother Herbert—by far the most gifted of Booth's sons—quarrelled with the government of the movement while in charge of its branches in Australia, and it is well known that these recalcitrants are not on speaking terms with the head of the Salvation Army—the price which both parties have to pay for the autocracy of the whole thing. The high hand of autocracy is ever lifted up against the man or woman who leaves, deserts, or disgraces the Blood and Fire Flag. No more fellowship—not even friendly interest is shown—till he or she returns, in penance and tears, to the Confessional Box. This at once is one of the secrets of the Army's power, but also of a dread weakness and disease, as any number of its victims would declare if opportunity were afforded. This autocracy is incurable. A Salvationist swears to remain such till death. His is a life's vow, which the majority of "soldiers" take within a few days of declaring his salvation. Even boys and girls from sixteen to eighteen are not religiously initiated till they sign a parchment to this effect. The pity of it all is that Booth, the autocrat, really loves the people and thinks that High Heaven has commissioned him to be their great High Priest, and so intense is the old General's humanity that if he thought—which he never will do now—that his work was being exhausted because of the drain on its vitality from causes which I have purposely hinted at, he would risk the loss of it all in an effort to put it right.

With all his faults, however, the world will be the poorer when General Booth of the Salvation Army is no longer with us, and there is not a man or woman in the English-speaking world to-day who does not wish the old chap strength to direct his multifarious agencies for many years to come, and correct the evils and abuses that have grown up with him. Before he is many days older he should relieve his brain from the worry and bother of his social work, by giving the men at present in charge of it notice to quit, and put in others who know how to value men's work as well as their souls. His Hanbury Street carpenter's shop ought to be mended or ended.

THE LATEST GERMAN OUTRAGE.

The Germanophobe has fine chances for another howl. The Teuton has a design on Egypt, and the wonder is that the usual eyes and ears of Empire did not discover the fact long ago. "Some of the Kaiser's scientists are at this moment engaged in the work of transferring from the land of the Nile the most ancient monuments of the country, which they intend to erect in Berlin, a city already overcrowded with specimens of the sculptor's art." So we heard from a returned tourist in January; but the special commissioner whom we sent out to inquire wires as follows:—"Story exaggerated. Germans merely making moulds of ruins of Philæ. Ruins will be reproduced in plaster and erected in Berlin." All the same, we cannot let Germany get ahead of us in this way. If they erect casts of the ruins of Philæ in their Theirgarten, we must rear casts of the Great Pyramids in Hyde Park; and if they try to go one better than us again, why we must indulge in a game of beggar-my-neighbour with ruins and relics until we break the German exchequer or The Hague tribunal steps in to stop the ruinous game. It is bad enough to have German spies everywhere; but to have the Teuton "pinching" the treasures from the land of fleas and fellaheen over which we hold protectorate! No, it must not be.

THE INSTRUCTION OF CRAZY.

PHAZY'S PHILOSOPHY.

By A. H. Manwaring.

"Wat's a planet?" sez Crazy ter me wun day.

"Why! this 'ere earf is. A planet goes rahnd an' rahnd, and we duz that every twenty-four 'ours."

"Who yer gettin' at?" sez Crazy, lookin' kinder hurt.

"It's solem truf," sez Oi; "that's 'ow we gets our day an' night. Yer can see for yerself the sun's a lot smaller than the earf, an' it ain't able ter shine all over it at once. All 'eavenly bodies is rahnd—speers they calls 'em—and that's so as they can roll over an' over.

"Look 'ere, Phazy," sez Crazy "if yer seez any green in me eye, say so, and I'll put black shutters up ter yourn."

"Orite," sez Oi, "it ain't yer dukes ize afride uv, but Oi 'as pity on yer poor derluded interlect. The four-runners uv skyense orways 'ad ter sweep away prejerdice."

"Well!" sez Crazy, "'ow kin 'this 'ere earf be rahnd? Why! the blokes on the uvver side wud fall orf an' drop inter—well! Oi'm blowed if Oi kin see were they wud drop."

"So they wud," sez Oi, "but fer the law uv Nachure. Yer know 'ow a fly kin walk on a ceilin'—it's the same wiv all those underneaf us; they's able ter walk abaht an' ther feet is drawn ter the grahnd so as they can't fall orf, an' they gits so used ter it they nivver knows but wat they ain't walkin' the rite side up."

'E looks very 'ard at me, but 'e seez in me eyes as Oi wuz speekin' the truf, an' then 'e arsks suddint-like, "Wat makes the earfkwakes?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere," sez Oi. "The sun dodges abaht a bit so as ter make wun spot warmer than annuvver an' giv us our seizons, an' sumtimes she overdoos it. It's like a puddin' wat yer puts in the uvven. If it's tew 'ot she busts out on top. This 'ere earf's made up uv mud an' wahter, an' wen it gits tew much sun she biles over like the puddin'. An' somtimes she biles over at see an' then yer gits wahterspahts and tidel wives."

"Wat's a wahterspaht?" sez Crazy.

"Why, a big bubbel," sez Oi, "that busts wen she gits tew big an' frows a lot uv sopesuds in yer eyes, only it aint sopesuds, but see-wahter, an' anyfing else wat gits drawn up. Aint yer 'eard uv the grate Souf See Bubbel? That's wun uv them 'ere wahterspahts wat appeered orf Soufsee last bavin' seizon an' rooend people's cloves."

"Ay! Oi seed it on a plakkard," sez Crazy, "an' Oi 'eard a spahtin' parson say wunce as 'ow them wat goes ter Soufend for a 'oliday seez the wunders uv the deep."

"Wunders!" sez Oi. "Why, they've got ships now wat siles underneaf the wahter."

Oi regrets ter rite it, but Crazy swore an' calls me sumfing wat means the same as polytishun, an' went orf ter unload 'is bricks. But 'e comes up ter me a day or tew after an' arsks me ter 'ave a drink, so Oi accepts 'is apolergy an' 'e tells me as 'ow a chap 'ad shode 'im a pikcher uv a ship wat goes under wahter.

"Not a snub-marine?" sez Oi, tryumfantly.

"Yes! that's wat 'e called it," sez Crazy.

"Ah! Oi wunder why they calls 'em snub-marines," sez Oi. "Suppose it's cos they duz away wiv the sogers! But that ain't all—they's got telygrafs wivout wires."

Crazy looks at me suspichus like, but 'e wuz gettin' parst serprise an' 'is interleckshual powers wuz derveluping. 'E sez, "This chap didn't show me no pikcher uv that."

"No," sez Oi, "it's copyrite—so as yer can't tike a pikcher uv it till the man dyes wat inwented it. But yer can't copyrit Nachure, so yer can tike pikchers uv wahterspahts an' tidel-wives an' uvver wunders."

"Wats Tidel-wives," sez Crazy? "My missus——"

"No," an' Oi stops 'im from makin' a scandel, "it ain't nuffin' ter dew wiv missuses; it's the see wen a earfkwake disterbs it."

"Suppose a earfkwake 'appened on this 'ere kernell," sez Crazy, "wat ud 'appen?"

"Got yer, 'av Oi?" sez a femayle vice. "Wer's that 'arf-crown Oi giv yer t' git sum meat fer dinner?" An' befour Oi cud interfeer Crazy wuz bein' gee-gitsued. Wen 'is missus 'ad dun wiv 'im an 'elped 'erself to the change out uv the 'arf-crown, she giv us both a bit uv 'er mind an' called for a pint.

Crazy cudn't stand the 'umilyashun no longer, 'an 'e slinks out wiv me berhind 'im. My conshence warn't eezy, fer Oi 'ad 'ad sum uv that 'arf-crown.

"Oi fink Oi knows wat a earfkwake is like," sez Crazy.

A TELEPHONE ROMANCE.

By J. Craven.

Chapter I.

She was a telephone belle. Kindly note the spelling, and do not confuse it with bell. There is an obvious difference, although cynics have been heard to declare that where making a row is concerned, they are much the same. But cynics are coarse brutes and have no souls.

This particular belle was named Belinda. Where girls are concerned we do not deal in surnames; they are often so unromantic. For instance, the cognomen inherited by this young lady from her male parent was Brown. But that is by the way. She was a sweet young creature, possessing that remarkable *sang-froid* peculiar to telephone girls, and her voice, clear as a silver bell, caused a great deal of agitation in the breasts of miscellaneous office-boys in various parts of the City. It is said, indeed, that there were frequent unnecessary calls on the switch at which she officiated. But that is the veriest scandal. She knew how to deal with every variety of voice that came over the copper wire, from the squeaky "Please, miss," of the office-boy to the grumpy "Why the—Houses of Parliament—don't you hurry up?" of the irate merchant.

One day she had a new experience. She was seated in her appointed place with the regulation tin helmet on her pretty curls, discussing someone's hat with her neighbour—"only last summer's retrimmed, poor thing"—when

Chapter II.

a rich manly voice sounded from the other end of the wire.

"Give me 208 Timbuctoo," it said.

The words were simple enough, but the tone in which they were said sent a thrill through her susceptible heart. Such a voice! Its mellow tones rang out like the sound of a great Amen.

"Yes, sir," she said, demurely, and gave the required station.

The next day the same thing happened; and the next. Each morning Belinda waited eagerly for the voice, and weaved round it an ideal creature—an Adonis. As time went by their conversation became more familiar. She told him about the parties she'd been to and the plays she'd seen, and caressed the receiver lovingly as he answered in kind. And the little bird on the wires laughed consumedly.

Chapter III.

"Let me introduce you to a friend, dear. Mr. Smith—Miss Brown."

It was at a dance, and the hostess had brought up a modest-looking young man to make the acquaintance of Belinda. They smiled and bowed, mutually pleased at the introduction. Then he spoke. That voice! She recognised it in an instant and turned a rosy pink, dropping her programme in confusion. The man at the other end of the wire under the commonplace name of Smith! He stooped and picked up the tinted card.

"Thank you," she said faintly, looking steadfastly on the ground.

He, too, recalled something, and assumed a crimson aspect.

"Your voice reminds me of a Miss Dena Zare at the telephone office," he said.

"And yours reminds me of Mr. Caden Hoffin, a young millionaire of my acquaintance," she said coldly.

"I am sorry I deceived you," he said awkwardly after a pause; "can I have the next dance?"

Now in a fashionable novel it would be necessary to continue: "'No, base wretch,' said the beautiful girl"; but this being a commonplace story, it must be recorded that she merely said "Yes," perhaps a little wistfully, and he commandeered her programme and put himself down for half-a-dozen dances at least.

The result was more meetings, and within a year Belinda was able to claim that marriage portion which the paternal Government allows to its female employees who leave the service in the interests of the declining birth-rate.

BUY BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.

On Sale Everywhere.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

An International Suffrage Conference.

At the end of April there is to be held in London the fifth International Conference of the "respectable" Suffragists from practically every country in Europe and from America. They will make speeches reporting the state of affairs in their own lands, attend banquets and receptions got up by our countrywomen, and go home having had a real good time and feeling buoyed up and encouraged for further work. Lady Frances Balfour is the President of the Reception Committee. The notion of a regularly recurring International gathering of this sort originated with the cute American women. Although it has now proved itself so successful, the scheme had a hard struggle at first to get accepted, some of the good English lady Suffragists objecting to have anything to do with a notion originating in America. However, it was taken up by Mrs. Fenwick Miller—one of the earnest workers and best speakers in the movement in England—and ultimately the English National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies and the Scottish Society united in asking her to go as their delegate to the first International Conference at Washington, U.S.A., in 1902. There it was decided that an International Society should be founded, and a committee for organising the idea was formed, with Mrs. Fenwick Miller as British chairman. After three years' work, the permanent organisation was adopted at a Convention in Berlin in 1905. Now, of course, the English Suffrage Society would not be out of it for anything, and are uncommonly grateful to Mrs. Fenwick Miller for having stuck to her point so resolutely. All subjects of interest to women are discussed, though the desire for Parliamentary representation is the binding chain. The idea is not that women of one country can at all help those of another to get votes, as national circumstances differ so much that each country's women must work out their own problem, but that women all the world over should be helped to feel a sisterly sympathy and encouraged to seek wider lives and better laws by hearing and seeing what has been gained in other lands.

The Blouse Still Popular.

Although the high-waisted style of costume does not seem favourably adapted for the wearing of blouses, that ever-useful garment is managing to suit itself to the prevailing mode. In Paris, the corselet skirt is the most usual method of getting over the difficulty—not the perfectly tight-fitting skirt outlining the well-corseted waist that we in England think of when we hear the word "corselet," but a looser, more shapeless garment, in accordance with the present style that bars any striking difference between the size of the waist and of the hips. And, as if to hold their own under somewhat difficult conditions, blouses seem more exquisite this season than ever before. Spotted net, lace and embroidered muslin are materials of which the possibilities are simply endless. I will describe a charming model made up in each of these fabrics, as an example of what a clever dressmaker can contrive. First for the lace; imagine coffee-coloured lace made up over rose-pink chiffon. The sleeves open all the way down the back of the arm to show a full slashing of the chiffon, being held in place by bars of gilt tinsel, finished by shining tassels. The bodice is cut into a deep square at the bust, where cross-over swathings of the rose tulle appear uncovered by lace. Above this is a yoke of lace of a finer quality, embroidered here and there with pink silk and gilt thread. The embroidered muslin blouse had a white ground and lines of pale blue flowers. The material was laid in tiny tucks on the bust, between the floral lines. From under the bust it was drawn in to the figure by rows and rows of fine gauging. The sleeves, very long, were rucked down the back. The spotted-net blouse had bands of lace to help it out. There were two of these placed from either shoulder to the waist. The outside bands were full and gathered into a flounce; the inner ones were flat and stitched to the net of the blouse. The couple of inches between them showed spotted net laid in a series of absolutely infinitesimal cross-ways tucks. The immediate centre of the blouse was tucked also, but in a vertical direction. The sleeves—perfectly tight-fitting—were transparent, and ended in a frill of lace that came far over the knuckles.

The Beauty of Trimmings.

Never have trimmings and passementeries played a larger part in the world of fashion. All those truly lovely trimmings that appear on the best gowns are made entirely by hand. They are tremendously expensive, not merely because they imply a terrible amount of labour, but because only a comparatively small number of women are skilled in the art. The manufacturers of jet are having a fine time. Until a year or so ago only widows and sombre old dowagers patronised this slightly unattractive substance; now, Fashion's smile has irridiated it, and young girls, smart young matrons—all and sundry, in fact—are appearing with jet trimmings on coats, frocks, and even hats. Bugles are having a great innings. Of course, at one time they could only be procured in a sort of colourless white; now they assume every tint of the rainbow, and have much gained in attractiveness thereby.

THE CHANCELLOR'S TASK.—II.

THE INCOME TAX.

By T. Hallett Fry.

Very few persons understand how small is the class from which the thirty-three millions sterling of income tax is received. If we put the whole of the income taxpayers at one million, we should probably not be very wide of the mark. But the population of the United Kingdom exceeds forty-three millions. Thus less than 2½ per cent. of the population contributes to the enormous yield of the income tax. This fact is worthy of attention in view of the proposals to super-tax about twenty-five thousand persons who receive incomes which exceed £3,000 per annum. The class is an extraordinarily small one—the one-fortieth part of the income taxpaying class, the one-sixteen-hundredth part of the population. If we decide to tax this small class, should we not treat more broadly and consider whether the time has not come when the national needs attendant upon civilisation demand some small sacrifice from other persons also?

Those who have in plenty must pay plenteously. They *do* pay an income tax of 1s. in the £, and the successors to their estates pay certainly another income tax (called death duties) of from 9d. to 1s. 6d. in the £ on the income during the whole period of life. Inhabited house duty is but another form of income tax. This is something, but it is probable that a still further amount may be required from the wealthy taxpayer, and that even these further amounts will be paid gladly if the necessity for extra revenue is dealt with not alone by super-taxation of the one-sixteen-hundredth part of the population, but by a more general levy upon persons now without the scope of the taxing statutes.

Mr. Chiozza Money in his excellent book, "Riches and Poverty," has pleaded for a graded income from the top to the bottom of the scale of income. He has endeavoured to adapt a graduated income tax to the absolutely essential basis of income taxation. In this he has scarcely succeeded for the reason that it is a practical impossibility for anyone to succeed.

Now by a graded tax, we understand something of the following sort:—

A levy of say	2d.	in the £	on incomes up to	£200
,,	4d.	,,	,,	£300
,,	6d.	,,	,,	£500
,,	8d.	,,		£600
,,	10d.	,,	,,	£700
,,	1/-	,,	,,	£1,000
,,	1/3	,,	,,	£2,500
,,	1/6	,,	,,	£5,000
and	2/-	above this amount.		

This is a very incomplete graded tax, and, if we suppose it applies to unearned income, we should, to be equitable, have to devise another scale which would apply to earned income. Instead of having one rate of income tax, or at most two, as at present, we should have a round twenty, and the secretary of clerk could never know at what rate to deduct. He could not deduct at the right rate, it is obvious. If he knew all incomes to-day, he would not know them to-morrow. Mr. Money saw this difficulty which prevents the satisfactory application of gradation to our income tax, and determined that he would get over it by assessing all who received unearned incomes of between £60 and £2,500 per annum at the same rate. That is scarcely a way of evading the difficulty; it is shirking it. The person with 25s. a week cannot afford to pay the same rate as the person with two thousand pounds a year. The abilities to pay are totally dissimilar. But Mr. Money has made the best of a bad job, and his scheme is as good a one as could be produced if gradation and taxation at source exist together. But they cannot exist together without the grossest of inequalities. If a systematic gradation which would raise the tax fairly from all classes is to be adopted, then we must clear out of the way once and for all the present existing system by which the bulk of the income tax is safely garnered.

It is almost unnecessary to remind readers that when the system of taxation by deduction was adopted, the yield of the income tax immediately doubled. Consciences are as they were. It is unsafe to rely on declaration; it is wiser to take by giving less. To-day, the limited liability company is taxed as a convenient method of getting at its shareholders, themselves charged by deduction by the company. This method of assessment of a large number of part-proprietors is a convenient one for the department. There is very little cost of collection and there is small likelihood of escape of the numerous persons entitled to dividends. It is unnecessary for the Surveyor of Taxes to know anything whatever of the actual destination of the profit. Moreover, the company, if at all a responsible concern, cannot flit frequently from place to place, as individual shareholders may do. The latter may reside in this country or in some other country where there is no income tax machinery to catch them. But beyond all this, the expense attendant on collecting the small sums would be so great that no Government, faced with a national expenditure at all commensurate with our own, would dare to make a change. No Government would dream, I submit, of doing away with taxation at the source. It is an absolute essential. Sir Thomas Whittaker, indeed, called it "the sheet anchor" of taxation, and the admirable report which he drew up for the Select Committee on Income Tax which reported in 1906, entitles him to claim the fullest consideration from the most experienced income tax administrators. It is almost unnecessary to explain further what is meant by "taxation by deduction." It should be stated, however, that the innumerable recipients of interest on public loans and of dividends of limited companies, the recipients of mortgage and loan interest, and the owners of rents, and so forth, all pay by deduction, inasmuch as they receive their annual incoming less the tax. *They get no chance of evading their liabilities*, hence it is that the Government will stick to its guns and refuse to tolerate any tampering with the present method of taxation, or any flirtation with gradation.

Without suggesting any immoral motives, it may be anticipated that the taxpayer would often give himself the benefit of the doubt if he were entitled to assess himself, as would be the case if gradation were introduced. He would probably follow the path of no resistance—*i.e.*, that of his own interests. Many taxpayers would claim the benefit of their colossal ignorance of tax law. Some wily persons might find themselves unable to discriminate between capital and revenue, or finding interests and duty conflicting, would neglect the conscience for the pocket. There are many reasons which would entitle any Government to neglect the best laid schemes of the reformers, and to maintain the present status.

Our present day system of taxation is of course, a roughly graduated system, and although it has herein been stated that there are only two income tax rates in force, that is the rates of 1s. and 9d. in the £, as a matter of fact, owing to the existence of the abatement scale which allows abatements of £160, of £150, of £120, af £70, we find that unearned incomes of:—

£200	pay at the rate of about	2½d.	in the £
£300	,, ,,	5½d.	,,
£400	,, ,,	7½d.	,,
£500	,, ,,	8½d.	,,
£600	,, ,,	9½d.	,,
£700	,, ,,	11d.	,,

Now this gradation which we already have, imperfect and jumpy as it is, is yet generally satisfactory. At any rate, we make sure of the revenue even though we tax Jones slightly more inequitably than Brown. If we are to increase the number of the payers of this tax, it can only be by reducing the exemption limit. This proposal may not be a positively popular one, but when it is considered what a substantial sum would be brought into the Exchequer as the result of the collection from individuals of trumpery sums varying from 9d. to 10s., it cannot be anticipated that the proposal would meet with convinced antagonism.

If the ranks of income taxpayers were extended by depression of the exemption limit, one of the objections persistently raised to gradation by super-tax would lose point. The class would not be so exiguous as heretofore. A super-tax of 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. in the £, should bring to light a capital sum of £160,000,000 and should provide a gross income of £4,000,000 It will not, we know. But it should, allowing for evasion and for expenses of collection, produce a net revenue of £2,000,000.

Buy "BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK."

THE CHILDREN ACT, 1908.

PART III.

JUVENILE SMOKING.—HOW TO EVADE THE SECTIONS.

By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

My Dear Chicks,—The Legislature has wisely determined that on and after "All Fool's Day" of this year you shall only be allowed to smoke subject to certain inconveniences, and it is my duty and pleasure as your counsel, learned in the law, to tell you how you may circumvent the wisdom of the Legislature as far as possible.

Firstly, by section 39.

Tobacconists' business restricted.

"If any person sells to a person apparently under the age of sixteen years any cigarettes or cigarette papers, whether for his own use or not, he shall be liable . . . to a fine . . .

and by section 43, subsection (1)

What is a Cigarette?

". . . The expression cigarette includes tobacco rolled up in paper, tobacco leaf, or other material in such form as to be capable of immediate use for smoking."

also by sub-section (2)

Application of Act to Tobacco.

"This part of the Act shall apply to tobacco other than cigarettes . . . except that a person shall not be guilty of an offence for selling such other tobacco to a person apparently under the age of sixteen years if he did not know and had no reason to believe that it was for the use of that person."

Now the effect of these wise provisions is that, in future, you must smoke cigars and pipes, or else you must make your cigarettes yourself with ordinary paper. You can buy cigars and tobacco, so long as the shopman has no reason to believe it is for yourself. You can easily assure him on that point, but what you can't buy is "cut tobacco rolled up" (in paper, etc). If you want real cigarettes, ready made, you must get them from someone older, or from a tobacconist's or messenger boy (see section 42). You will see that Parliament is not really harsh with you in the matter of buying. Having got your smoking material the next thing is to smoke it. But you must not smoke it in a public place in the presence of a constable or park-keeper.

Section 40 of the Act says:

Robbery with Violence by certain Persons to be legal.

"It shall be the duty of a constable and of a park-keeper being in uniform to seize any cigarettes or cigarette papers in the possession of any person apparently under the age of sixteen, whom he finds smoking in any street or public place, . . . and such constable or park-keeper shall be authorised to search any boy so found smoking, but not a girl.

You had better learn this section, and my comments on it, by heart.

Observe that you may still smoke at home (so long as Father doesn't catch you) or you may stand inside someone's gateway and smoke leaning over the gate. If you live in the country, you may go into Farmer Giles' field, and lean on his gate and smoke. If a policeman appears, you stay where you are. If Farmer Giles appears, you walk out into the road. If both appear, you throw away your cigarette or cigar, or put your pipe out (be careful to do this first), and then walk out into the road.

Now as to searching. Always take a girl out with you. to carry your tobacco. An occasional pennyworth of sweets as an honorarium for the services of secreting your smoking material in her clothes will be an excellent insurance policy against confiscation.

Finally, the Legislature has most wisely decreed (by section 39 above) that the halfpennies which Father used to give you for going to buy his cigarettes shall not be earned any more.

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MORE BANKING FACTS.

A former bank clerk writes us as follows :—

Cashiers at £80 per Annum.

While in the bank where I was employed the general salaries were above the amounts mentioned in your last article, but were often very low in view of the responsible nature of the work. Cashiers in country offices could be found at £80 a year, and men of quite a moderate salary would be entrusted with the conveyance of surplus bullion to town. A man earning £140 to £150 per annum might in this way be in sole charge of a consignment of £10,000 to £15,000, or more than he is likely to earn in a lifetime.

Removal Expenses.

Although the salaries were slightly higher than in many banks, when it came to moving expenses it was quite another matter. Married clerks were allowed third class fare, one night's hotel expenses, and a few extras, such as a cab. They had to pay the fares of their wives and children, and in addition all removal expenses. In some cases where the manager made personal representation a small grant was made toward these, but such cases were the exception rather than the rule. Think what this means to a man moved from a branch at, say, Cromer to Hastings. He might be forced to get into debt, the penalty for which is instant dismissal. Of course, under these circumstances, married men are not moved very frequently, and thus single men stand the best chance of promotion.

Holidays Postponed.

Another method now employed to reduce expenses is to keep the number of the staff as low as possible. Formerly, when men were away through illness it was usually possible to obtain assistance, but this is almost a thing of the past. Owing to this practice in one London bank, for the last two years many men have not been able to take their annual leave at the time arranged, and some managers received an intimation that holidays at their branch were indefinitely postponed. Not only is the pay getting less, but more work has to be done for it.

Weeding Out.

Bank clerks have themselves very largely to thank for their position. Recently a large bank brought out a new pension scheme, whereby all men under 20 years' service were deprived of the right to participate. They were given the opportunity to dissent if they wished, but out of a staff of 2,000 men only six or seven dared to do so, the majority of those affected fearing that they would be marked men if they did. As this bank is now getting rid of delicate men, where possible, before they reach the pension age, many of them will probably regret their want of pluck. Bank clerks in general are either too snobbish or too nervous to join or form a union. Several attempts have been made, but without success. Nevertheless, a powerful one could accomplish a great deal. Banking work is rather intricate, especially in branches where a multiplicity of forms are used, and if half the staff of any bank decided to strike, the directors would be compelled to make concessions. It would take a long time to train men to take the strikers' places, and the result would be chaos everywhere. Until this union is formed there can be no hope of improvement in the conditions.

Kissing Goes by Favour.

Promotion and the annual (*sic*) increase of salary are far too much in the hands of the manager. Everything depends upon his report, and if he wishes to keep expenses down to make a better show of profits, he can easily persuade himself that his men are a poor lot and not worthy of an increase. It is quite useless for the clerk to protest, as authority is always upheld, and the head office is only too glad to save the money; especially if it is a lean year and it is found difficult to maintain the dividend. Some general managers are very tyrannical, and I know of a case where a manager was reduced to a junior position, because he spent his evenings in a neighbouring town where he had friends. He was told to remain in his own town and spend his evenings working up the business, but declined.

Touting.

Touting is quite a common practice. In one very large bank managers are expected to approach residents, and also to forward a report of the results of their efforts. Most of the accounts captured in this way are risky overdrafts. Led on by the promise of an increased loan, the customer makes the change, only to find that the accommodation is of a very temporary nature.

THE POST OFFICE AND ITS MEN.

THE CASE OF A. C. CARELESS, EX-CORTER

The Attorney-General's Opinion.

With reference to our article of last week, we have received the following further letter from the secretary of the Fawcett Association; and we direct particular attention to it, inasmuch as it quotes a letter from the present Attorney-General—Mr. Robson, as he then was—from which it will be seen that, in the opinion of this eminent lawyer, Careless is innocent, and the Department know it.

Mr. Cheesman writes:—

The difficulty appears to be, not that the man is believed to be guilty of the charge preferred against him, but that the Department will not admit making a mistake. This certainly is the opinion of Sir W. Robson, for writing to Mr. Careless on the 24th November, 1904, he said: "I was much interested in your case, and am glad to know my efforts met with your appreciation. I do hope you will succeed, but I fear that the invincible prejudice of a Department in favour of its supposed infallibility will be too much for you in spite of the breakdown of witnesses against you."

Was there ever a more terrible indictment brought by an eminent public man and great lawyer against a public Department? The opinion of Mr. Wm. Robson, K.C., M.P., must be the opinion of Sir Wm. Robson, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General of his Majesty's Government, for nothing has happened since the date of the letter we have quoted to put a different complexion upon the case. Is there no way in which this poor man can have wrong righted, even though he has had to wait for it many weary years? Just think of it! For sixteen years he gives good and faithful service to the State, and then, upon a false charge, dishonouring and fatal to him from the point of view of employment, he is dismissed and left to drift to the workhouse, or the devil, as he will. Once more we appeal to the Postmaster-General to rise superior to the petty prejudices of his Department, and to see not only that the stigma is removed from Careless, but that he is given such measure of compensation as money can give for the injury done him.

A VOICE FROM THE WORKHOUSE.

An inmate of the Poplar Workhouse parted with his baccy allowance to send us this wail. Poetry is a difficult thing to define, and for aught we know, this *may* be poetry:

Seated at the workhouse table,
I was weary, worn, and sad,
I thought of the days long gone by
That almost drove me mad.

I thought of those days of comfort,
Happy, bright, and serene,
Now changed—like a hideous nightmare,
To a hollow mocking scene.

Here midst the workhouse rabble,
I daily sit and think,
Of these days of degradation,
And longing to cross the brink.

Herded with all sorts of people,
The worthless, the vicious, the scamp,
The sensual, blasphemer, vagrant,
The criminal, the dosser, tramp.

To hear their babbling twaddle,
The room filled with wild mirth,
Caused by some opprobrious insult,
That make life a hell upon earth.

The old soldier seated beside me
Tells of the long, long ago,
How fighting for Queen and Country,
Was pierced by a merciless foe.

He failed to complete the full service,
But he gave the best of his youth,
Black gratitude was his reward,
And the workhouse to die in—God's truth.

When once you become a pauper,
That curse will surely remain,
'Tis a sin as great and as glaring
As the "brand" God set upon Cain.

Let us hope the poor-law reformers,
Will not let the grass 'neath them grow,
But give old Bumble the chuck-out;
And shut up his vile cursed show.

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A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

By ROBERT FREKE GOULD.

This great work, of which a new edition is now appearing, is an exhaustive study of everything relating to Freemasonry, its antiquities, symbols, constitutions, customs, and history; it includes much out-of-the-way information not otherwise obtainable, and a full investigation of the authentic records of the fraternity all over the world.

The fine illustrations include 36 magnificently coloured plates, illustrating Masonic clothing and regalia, high-class etched frontispieces, and fine engravings of Masonic Marks, Medals, and Plates of Arms.

Sir Edward Letchworth, Grand Secretary, Freemasons' Hall, London, W.C., writes:—

"A decided improvement on previous editions, and I hope you will have a good sale for it."

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OPEN LETTERS POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Dr. Morgan, Poor Law Medical Officer, West Hartlepool.

Sir.—Some rather remarkable statements were made at an inquest held by the coroner for West Hartlepool the other day, and as they more or less grievously concern you and the Guardians whose officer you are, I think it well to draw your particular attention to them. Not to burden you with detail, you are said to have been called by a police officer to attend a man found ill in the street, his identity being then unknown. "Who is to be responsible for my fees?" you are reported to have demanded, and on your being told that the police could not be, you are said to have replied, "Then I cannot go." Possibly you could not have saved the man if you had attended him; possibly you could; I do not know. At all events, supposing the evidence to be correct, and you did not appear to contradict it, you set the payment of your fees before the urgent claims of humanity, though you lived but a stone's throw away from the house where the man's life was flickering out. "We desire to express our disapproval," said the jury in a rider to their verdict, "of the conduct of the parish doctor in refusing to attend this urgent case unless guaranteed a fee." With that disapproval I regretfully associate myself.

I am well aware, sir, that many people adopt an utterly unreasonable attitude towards medical men. When they or any of their family are ill, the doctor is the first person they fly to; when the doctor has done his best, his bill is probably the last they think of paying, though they may have had him up all hours of the night. Even a doctor cannot exist wholly by good works. If he is to live, it is necessary that he should also eat.

Having said this much, I do not find that it palliates your offence against that elementary law of humanity which finds in the hearts of men almost everywhere its expression of sympathy and aid, so far as aid can serve, when they are in presence of a fellow creature fighting for his life in the shadow of death. That is not only the etiquette, but the ethic, as one likes to think of it. But your first thought appears to have been for your fee, and that not being forthcoming, you had no thought at all for the man whose life for all you knew at the time you might have been able to save.

Apart from this aspect of the matter, sir, there is another. You are an official of a Poor Law system which, in whatever light one views it, is seen to be an utter failure. Red tape coils out faster than it coils in. The police officer who called your attention to this case had no written official order from the official relieving officer, and that was enough for you. "I do not think this is satisfactory," said the coroner, "and whatever view you take, I myself am pleased to know that the present Government have in view the overhauling of the Poor Law system." I do not know about the present Government, sir; I rather think the Fates will have written their doom before they tackle that subject as a matter of practical legislation. But certainly the machinery of the present Poor Law stands condemned; it only creaks and groans and grinds and wastes until it can be broken up and for ever scrapped. Perhaps the new system will have less red tape and more elastic, so that you, and such medical officers as you, will be able to respond to the vital needs of your fellows—if not at the call of humanity then at the call of business.

John Bull.

To the Magistrates, Sessions House, Epping.

Gentlemen,—An unusual but kindly application was made to you the other day by the rate collector of the district for an order to excuse an old lady from payment of poor rate on grounds of extreme poverty. Her age is 86, and the overseers had agreed to excuse payment of the 18s. due subject to your approval. But because she was in receipt of an old-age pension you declined to grant the relief. This, gentlemen, seems to me to border on the cruel. The old woman cannot pay the money, and if the overseers take action to seize her goods the responsibility for that inhuman outrage will be with you. But I imagine that, though they may not excuse her from payment, they need not enforce payment by distraint.

Surely it is one of the strangest ironies of life that an all but destitute old woman should be forced to pay a rate for the relief of the poor. No doubt it is true that hundreds of people who can hardly find the means to keep themselves are compelled to assist in keeping those who are frequently better off than themselves. I regret, however, that you should see this special case in the light you did, for you might easily have salved your legal conscience by looking at it in a more humane one, even though it be written that to him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Stevenson, County Court, Workington.

May It Please Your Honour,—*Entre nous*, I have carefully consulted my tailor as to his making me a suit for 17s. or 18s., and he tells me that I had better consult yours.

You will understand why I make this special request. A man was before you on a judgment summons for a tailor's bill amounting to 50s. "I suppose you know you could get a good suit for 17s. or 18s.," you told him. "Why, then, do you pay 50s.? It is absurd, absolutely ridiculous, when you can get as good, if not better, for half the price." May I ask whether it would be all wool, and cut to the current fashion plate? Would there be a crease down the trousers? And would the whole concern be done in a sweater's den or in a shop paying the trade-union rates? When you write, please enclose complete specifications, and state whether your man would pay carriage and guarantee that the goods will not let in the draughts?

John Bull.

To Count Zeppelin, Aeronaut, Berlin.

My Dear Zepp,—The latest eccentricities of that tremendous airship, Zeppelin I., recently purchased as a sort of aerial *Dreadnought* for the German Army, seems rather to show that it will not be as dreadful as it is big. I gather that when the wind gets hold of it, there is no telling where it will go to, though when the wind leaves it alone I am sure it is all right. What is clear is that it will never be able to help along the invasion of England during a gale. One cannot postpone an invasion on account of the weather. It was the weather which made a mess of the Spanish Armada, you will remember. Think of the possibilities of starting for England with a load of high explosives aboard and being blown to Dan and thence to Beersheba! In such a case I am sure your people would say "Airships be blowed!" I reserve my own remarks till I see you coming.

John Bull.

To Edward Roosevelt, Esq., Poste Restante, Yarrup.

Dear Teddy,—While you are travelling around, why don't you come along to England? Guess the old country might be a great deal worse off, even fer sights. Naples ain't fer from London after all, and you might easily have stretched a point to give me a call. I would have been real glad to make your acquaintance, just as in the case of your daughter Alice dooring her wedding trip. Somehow, I've got hold of the idee that your feelin's towards me ain't exactly those of affection. All the time you were President I had a large and assorted collection of crowned heads and other potentates over fer some of their holidays, and I can assure you that the Lord Mayor and I did 'em proud between us. The Lord Mayor did the turtle soup and I arranged the loud applause. I figger that you missed a lot of food and fun by refraining from putting in a week under the U.J. in London. However, if you really don't think nothing of us and our institootions, you ain't obliged to come; I'm only inviting you once again in order that you may have a treat if you want it. Hope you'll enjoy the big game hunting in Africa, anyhow.

John Bull.

L. J. Maxse, Editor, London.

As an advertisement, your offer of £200 to Lloyd George for part owner's share extra four *Dreadnoughts* very ingenious, also very cheap. Thank heaven for privilege of paying share in extra taxes.

Bull.

Dr. F. S. Archenbold, Astronomer, Treptow University, Germany.

How much have you towards £75,000 required for constructing telescope to see inside planet Mars? Put me down for a penn'orth.

Bull.

Captain Craig, M.P., Ulster, Ireland.

Have recorded your statement on Army Council's Bill that Haldane has sprung constitutional change by a back door introduced by side wind. Sorry you were not able to nip it in bud.

Bull.

DIVORCE LAW REFORM.

JOHN BULL: "I think it about time I took the Law into my own hands."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on City page be addressed to the City Editor, 67, *Long Acre, W.C.*
Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than the Friday preceding the week of publication.*

THE BRITISH TEA TABLE CO.

The British Tea Table Co. *v.* John Bull Ltd.

In our issue of July 4, 1908, we published an article reflecting very seriously upon the management of this Company, and we made very grave allegations as to the character of some of the food supplied to customers of the Company at its various shops. We said, among other things, that "orders had been given to the *chefs* at the various depots that they must save all the pieces left by the customers on their plates, and these were to be used for the purpose of making entrées, such as 'Vienna steaks' and so on, and for that purpose each depot was supplied with a mincing machine." And elsewhere we referred to "refuse" food in connection with the provisions supplied by this Company.

In our issue of July 11th we stated that we had received a writ from the Company in relation to this matter, and in our issue of July 18th, we referred to a letter sent to the Press by the Chairman of the Company, in which the public were informed that Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., and Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., had been retained on behalf of the Company, and we mentioned that "we have accordingly retained Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P." We added that we should be pleased to see Mr. Duke again, as we had not had the pleasure of meeting him since "he appeared as Counsel for Arnold and Butler," who, our readers will remember, brought an action for libel against us for describing them as swindlers, and when the time came to satisfy the Court that they were honest folk, ran away and paid our costs.

Some nine or ten months have elapsed since the B.T.T. Company issued their writ, and we pleaded justification. Our readers will be interested to learn that the Company have now informed us that they do not propose to go on with the action, and, of course, they pay our costs.

It is due to the Company that we should add a word or two. The Directors who were responsible for the gross mismanagement which we thought it our duty to expose have retired, and their places are filled by new men—very competent men as we believe—who would certainly be incapable of offering impure food to the customers of the Company, and who, as we are assured, are well fitted to restore its fortunes, if that be possible. The task they have before them is a difficult, but, if our information is correct, it is not an impossible, one. They have our best wishes. In the past the Company paid big dividends, and it did so because it supplied a want, and gave good value for the money it took. It is quite possible that under new and sound management the old prosperous days will return to it. We sincerely hope it may be so,

BEARS AND BULLS.

Apropos the statement in "Bottomley's Book" that both "Bears" and "Bulls" are in the long run beaten by the dealers, a correspondent writes: "If stock rises, 'Bulls' win; if it falls, 'Bears' win. How then should you call operators asinine?" Our correspondent, however, forgets that, first of all, there is the jobber's turn—that is to say, the difference between the buying and selling prices—in favour of the dealer, and also the fact that fluctuations are so sudden and violent that unless an operator is actually on the spot in the market he is almost bound to miss the opportunity of closing his deal at the psychological moment.

KAFFIRS CONSOLIDATED.

A Grave Scandal.

We have received the following:—

The genuine thanks of many scores of shareholders will be won by your editorial ("City") remarks upon the above precious concern and its offshoots. Why? Because apparently there has been a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Press—not unconnected, maybe, with the useful advertisement rates paid by the late London and Paris Exchange.

As a shareholder, I happen to know that efforts have been made in all parts of the country to obtain information and redress through the medium of the Press, but without avail. Once again, therefore, we find John Bull acting up to its *raison d'etre*—in "splendid isolation" which we appreciate.

The late Kaffirs Consols meeting brought out little. A great deal of light remains to be shed upon the strange doings in the dark. Without bias or insinuation, may I ask whether any answers can be forthcoming to the following pertinent queries—which have been put over and over again to those who have juggled with the public's money in this connection?

For what real purpose were Kaffirs Consols artificially "rigged" to the neighbourhood of 30s.? Who supplied the glowing "reports" which helped the rise? Seeing that so many of the public were "let in" by buying on the strength of such reports, who sold the shares—those who had "cornered" and held them? And how came the intrinsic merits of the shares to be valued only at 7s. the moment the London and Paris Exchange had got rid of its holding? Further, to what extent did the Board of Kaffirs Consols, Ltd., connive at the artificial process, and, again, for what purpose?

Allow me, sir, to make one suggestion. (There are several others.) It was on the strength of this (apparently genuine) rise in value that the shareholders in Prospectors of Matabeleland, Ltd., were induced to liquidate their company and accept *one* Kaffirs Consols share for every *twenty-five* held in the former concern. Then, when this deal was effected—by a management represented on both boards—"P. O. M." shareholders found their holding practically wiped out of existence, their new shares being all but unsaleable.

As the Kaffirs Consols Company was practically identical with the late London and Paris Exchange, why were shareholders in both the concerns mentioned above blinded and played with to this extent by those responsible for the welfare of their shareholding? And how long is this process of sly absorption and wiping-out to go on—to the benefit only of a few behind the scenes?

When, sir, shareholders wake up to the real facts, they will insist not upon a mere addition to the Board of Directors concerned, but to a drastic clean sweep—and, further, let us hope, to a thorough investigation.

We agree with our correspondent's criticisms. The company is inherently rotten, and the shares are not intrinsically worth as many pence as they now stand at shillings—the present quotation being kept up by a "Bear" account.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

In our last issue we gave two illustrations of the wide difference between promise and performance on the part of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of U.S.A. when dealing with British policyholders. A Nottingham correspondent sends us several further illustrations of this difference. Policies are now maturing, and in no single case that we have heard of has the result been anywhere near the promise. In the case of our correspondent abovementioned, here are the facts:—

Twenty years ago he took out a policy under which he undertook to pay an annual premium of £47 16s. 8d. for 20 years, making a total of £956 13s. 4d. In return for these payments he was promised one of three things, whichever suited him best:—

(1) £1,734 in cash.
(2) A paid-up policy of the value of £4,090, or
(3) An annuity of £128 per annum.

Instead of the £1,734 he is offered £1,236 10s. 10d.

Instead of the paid-up policy to the value of £4,090 he is offered one of £2,650.

Instead of an annuity of £128 he is offered one of £74 18s.

When he remonstrated with the Head Office he was told that the difference between promise and performance is due to the altered financial conditions, and the much lower rate of interest now obtainable on gilt-edged securities."

There is no remedy. The policy sent to him from America is so vaguely worded that it gives him no grip.

He must grin and bear the disappointment. His case is only one of scores and hundreds of others where the return offered for money paid bears little or no relation to the promises which induced the policyholder to insure with the Company. As our readers know, we have always advised them to have nothing whatever to do with American Insurance Companies. That advice has been taken in many cases, and now that so many of the policyholders are finding out for themselves how little they can rely upon the undertakings of these American Offices, it may be hoped that few people in the United Kingdom will be foolish enough to take out fresh policies with them.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

LIPTON'S BANK.—DRAPER (Margate).—Your deposit would be quite safe.

MOGUL CONSOLIDATED MINES CO., NEVADA.—F. B. (Hastings).—We cannot recommend you to risk any money in this concern.

SUTHERLAND REEFS.—S. W. F. W. (Upper Tooting).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

STOCK EXCHANGE OPERATIONS.—W. H. C. (Clapham Junction).—If you take our advice you will abstain from Stock Exchange operations, and so save your money.

BANKING ACCOUNT.—H. C. W. (Southampton).—The Birkbeck Bank would be most suitable for your purpose.

ANCHOR SAVINGS INVESTMENT CO.—Woodlaw (Dublin).—We know nothing to its prejudice.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A. G. L. (Southsea).—We will make enquiry and let you know next week.

TIN SHARES.—W. L. (Dover).—We should sell.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—J. F. (Port Glasgow).—No, it is dead, and——. There is not the slightest good your going to a solicitor. Your money is gone beyond recovery.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA TOWNSHIPS.—Township (Bridgwater).—If they call up the 5s. you will have no option but to pay it. For the rest we do not see what you can do unless you write to the Secretary, who may perhaps give you some information.

TWO RUBBER COMPANIES.—F. W. T. (Bath).—We cannot advise you to invest in either of these companies.

NEW BRIGHTON TOWER COMPANY.—A. E. W. (Leeds).—If you have the opportunity of selling you should do so.

AUTOMOBILE CAB COMPANY, LIMITED.—Reader of "J.B." (Nuneaton).—The Liquidator's statement to you is quite plain, namely, that the assets of the company would not realise sufficient to pay the ordinary creditors in full, and there would therefore be no return to the shareholders. Nothing has happened since then so far as we know to change the position to their advantage.

BALANCE SHEET.—A. B. H. (Enfield).—We do not think so.

WHITELEY'S DEBENTURES.—Imatra (Forest Hill).—We gave the advice because there were other debentures more attractive, but that is not to say that these are not sufficiently secured.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—Stocks (London).—If the broker's contract discloses the name of the jobber with whom he dealt, you must look to the jobber.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND COMPANY.—L. R. L. (Swettenham).—A respectable firm, but if you buy for cash you might get the bonds cheaper elsewhere. We know nothing of the others.

STEWART AND MCKENZIE.—A. G. R. (Bow).—We have no information respecting these debt recovery people.

STATUS OF BANK.—A. F. (Sutton-on-Trent).—We have no reason to question its solvency.

SALE OF SHARES.—Liability.—We think you should consult your solicitor.

THE CONTINENTAL MINING COMPANY.—Exeodus (Southport).—We should not advise the purchase.

LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.—A. T. (Hull).—Nonsense, it is a leading joint stock bank.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND BANKING COMPANY.—T. J. G. (Harrow).—No.

NORTH-EAST LINCOLNSHIRE WATER COMPANY.—Worried (Walton).—We should prefer another selection.

CROYDON MUTUAL CREDIT AND DEPOSIT BANK.—W. E. (Dalston).—You seem to have fallen on rough times, but we fear we cannot help you. Cannot you induce the Bank, which seems to have treated you with consideration, to give you a little more time? We have no doubt from your letter that you can point to an honourable record. We return your book and correspondence.

THE CITY AND PROVINCIAL ESTATES COMPANY.—W. R. (Norbury).—Advise your friend not to do so.

MELBOURNE TRAMWAY AND OMNIBUS COMPANY.—D. M. R. (Glasgow).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should sell out. Leave well alone.

COLLECTION OF DEBT.—J. B. (Croydon).—Surely you have made a mistake in your facts. If the society have charged you £40 for an unsuccessful attempt to collect £4, it is a monstrous charge, always assuming that you gave them no special instructions that involved large outlay. Let us see the correspondence.

WHITEBEAD'S 3½ PER CENT. B. DEBENTURES.—R. J. S. (Balham).—You would be foolish to sell at the present depressed quotation. The security is quite sound.

NORTH COAST MINING AND MILLING COMPANY OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A.—F. H. (Reading).—We have received your letter with its enclosure. We repeat the advice we gave last week not to have anything to do with the shares of this company, advice that in 99 cases out of 100 is applicable to American mining companies pushing shares in this country.

TYRE SHARES.—J. B. (London).—Sell for what you can get.

MARKET DEALS, LIMITED.—W. C. (Eastwood).—We cannot advise you to take Mr. McAlister's advice and buy New Wheal Eliza Consols, Limited. His estimate of their value may be correct, but for one in your position the risk, in our opinion, is too much. F. L. (Walthamstow).—The answer to your question is in the negative. The bonds are returned.

FRENCH QUOTATIONS.—H. P. (Birmingham).—We should say they are approximately correct.

VENO DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. R. (Banbury).—We cannot advise you to purchase any of these shares. We notice that the chairman has given his opinion that they are worth £3 a-piece. We differ very much. The company rests upon the success of a patent medicine, which has had a measure of success in this country, which may, or may not, be lasting, and, if the cure goes out of fashion, the company will go with it.

CHARTERED INSTITUTE OF SECRETARIES.—REGULAR READER (Streatham).—There is, we think, another society of somewhat similar name, but we cannot give you its name.

SECRETARIES' ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—S. (Southwell).—Yes, it is incorporated, and the fact that its President is Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P., should be sufficient guarantee to you that it is a respectable and responsible association.

R. GALLAHER.—J. G. F. (Farnham).—Write once more and demand the certificate, or that the money you have paid for it shall be returned forthwith. Let us know the result. Meantime we keep the papers you have sent us.

PROGRESSIVE INSURANCE COMPANY.—SUBSCRIBER (Stockton-on-Tees).—We have your letter in reply to our question. In the circumstances, we should drop the policy.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—E. C. (Wigan).—We think you would be fairly safe with either of the institutions you name, but we should prefer to put the money into sound industrial securities which would give you quite as good interest.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—R. W. C. (Liverpool).—The answer to your first question is in the negative. To the second, there is not sufficient material upon which to form an opinion; and, to the third, yes.

SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—D. E. R. (Sheffield).—What is it you want to know? You do not say.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—F. B. (Luton).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. BULLIONIST (Leeds).—The firm you name has, no doubt, been in business for a considerable number of years, and is among the more respectable of the Outside Brokers, but we strongly advise you not to be induced to send money to them, or any other Outside Brokers, for Stock Exchange speculation. BLACK METAL (Dalston).—Better have nothing to do with them.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—B. P. (Hemel Hempstead).—The "bank," as it is called, has been doing business for many years, but we never recommend deposits were the interest offered is so high.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

MARINE AND GENERAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—B. A. S. (Liskeard).—It is a well-managed and very prosperous office, originally a sort of domestic institution for the assurance of officers connected with the P. and O. and Royal Mail Steamship Companies. Since 1880 it has largely extended its sphere of operations. It does not transact much Marine Insurance in the ordinary sense, but it does a small amount of business in addition to Life Assurance in the assurance of passengers' and mariners' effects. No bonus vests until three full years' premiums have been paid on the policy, and on the last two previous occasions the reversionary bonuses were at the higher rate of £2 10s., but diminished profit from interest earnings has now reduced the rate to £2, still an excellent rate.

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. L. (Manchester).—We fear there is no likelihood of your recovering any portion of the money due to you from these people. To take legal proceedings would be to throw good money after bad.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A. W. (Croydon).—We should continue the payments.

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. T. (Twickenham).—Yes, it is a very sound company. It has, as you say, a special life assurance scheme in connection with terminable mortgage loans suitable to persons who desire to become possessors of their own dwelling-houses, or who wish to invest otherwise in heritable property of a good class. Loans are repayable by instalments over a fixed term of years, and, in the event of the borrower's death before the repayments are completed, the balance then remaining is immediately cancelled.

ANNUITY.—F. M. G. (Birmingham).—We must apologise for the delay in answering. We understand you want to know how much £1,000 would bring you in the form of an annuity at 60 years of age, taking the most liberal of the leading offices. The National Mutual Life Association of Australasia, Limited, would give you the best return, namely, £93 11s. 8d.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.—F. B. (Glasgow).—The Car and General has a scheme of insurance against unemployment. It is an interesting new departure, and courageous withal. We may have something more to say about it shortly. If the Car and General scheme bears examination, and stands the test of experience in working, it will have solved, or have gone far to solve, a problem of a most difficult character.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—A. J. (Bishop Auckland).—You must let us know the ground of the objection taken by the Trust to paying the money. J. H. (Durham).—We are not in love with 30 year bonds, but the Trust is a sound and well managed institution.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—W. H. M. (Hastings).—The answer is in the affirmative.

PAYMENT UPON POLICY.—J. D. (Tynshir).—Cases like yours occur at times, but they give no right to return of the money on any conditions other than those named in the policy.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—E. G. H.—We do not see the special advantage. JOHN H. (Uxbridge).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

SCOTTISH LEGAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CLACH (Inverness).—We will look into the matter.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—F. G. (Sheffield).—We know of nothing to the contrary.

INSURANCE UPON ANOTHER.—S. W. R. (Rochdale).—The matter can be arranged on your certificate.

LLOYDS AND FIRE INSURANCE.—H. E. T. (Chiswick).—We should prefer the Essex and Suffolk Fire Office, of New Broad Street.

ROYAL VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—W. E. J. (Birmingham).—We will look into the matter, and answer you in our next issue.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Anxious Enquirer.—We should prefer the Prudential.

THE CENTURY INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. M. H. (Cardiff).—It is a go-ahead office.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—M. B. (Bow).—We do not think we can advise or help you in the matter. The Association has offered you what it promised, namely, about one-third of the sum you have paid in, and it is for you to accept or reject. If the agent told you that after five years the Association would be willing to repay you the whole sum you had paid in he told you what was untrue, and you cannot make his employers responsible for his statement. If you had read the printed matter you no doubt received, you would have found it stated very plainly that the surrender value after five years' payments amounts to about one-third of the total sum paid in.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Mephistopheles.—We duly received the very scurrilous book which we now return under cover. You should not be influenced by its statements.

INSURANCE AMALGAMATIONS.—F. E. H. (Wood Green).—We note your denial of the statement that when the Alliance took over the Imperial most of the staff were dismissed. You say, as "an old Imperial man," that "nearly all the staff of the Imperial are at this moment enjoying substantial privileges in the service of the Alliance, as a consequence of the amalgamation." We readily accept your assurance and can only regret that we did an injustice to the Alliance.

CITY OF GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. H. (Harrogate).—It is all right, but you could do a good deal better in the matter of a 20 years' endowment policy by going to the Legal and General, or, better still, if you are a total abstainer, by going to the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—F. J. (West Dulwich).—You need have no fear. It is a society of repute, with ample means.

THE MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—M. P. W. (Cardiff).—We should prefer another selection. We are glad you like our book.

THE ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. J. S. (London).—We have already, in our last issue, made the correction. We are glad to have your letter in explanation, and your assurance that the agreements entered into when the Alliance took over the Imperial—arrangements advantageous to the Imperial staff—"have been strictly adhered to, and in addition the Alliance have granted the Imperial officials many extra privileges, and treated them very generously."

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

The sincerest of Miss Marie Löhr's friends will say quite candidly that the impression she creates as Lady Teazle is pretty, charming, and that it is altogether a sweet little performance; but beyond this it does not go. And who, judging by the tenderness of her years, and consequent lack of experience, could possibly expect more?

Lady Teazle is a character which commands the fullest powers of a great actress—Sir Peter's wife is not merely a picturesque lay figure—she is a creature of flesh and blood who has suddenly to change from an innocent, headstrong, impetuous girl into a despairing, tragic woman—and why? simply through the realisation of her own thoughtless, madcap folly.

To *look* Lady Teazle is one thing—to *play* the character is another, and Miss Löhr has not yet developed the *feu sacré* of dramatic art which Richard Brinsley Sheridan's heroine demands to make her a convincing and genuine personality.

That Miss Löhr possesses great intelligence no one will deny, and all will agree that her efforts are earnest and deserving of encouragement, but that her Lady Teazle can, by those who know, be conscientiously called "great" is not possible; but as I said before, it is a pretty and at times effective little performance.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Sir Peter is dignified, manly, and delightfully unpretentious. I love his little touches of mischief too, they are so spontaneous and natural.

Mr. Robert Loraine and Mr. Basil Gill are both, I regret to say, disappointing as the brothers Charles and Joseph Surface—the one is lacking in distinction and grace, the other misses the oily unctuousness of the wily Joseph, playing the part more after the style of a melodramatic villain.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys makes a superb Lady Sneerwell, bringing with her on to the stage a bit of the fine old school of acting, such as Henry Neville and Lionel Brough also delight us with.

Anything more beautiful than the mounting of Sheridan's splendid old comedy has never been seen before at His Majesty's Theatre, and the costumes are perfect dreams of loveliness and exquisite colouring; everything in fact is in the most admirable taste, and therefore of infinite interest to all playgoers.

"Psyche."

"Psyche"—the Alhambra's latest ballet—is a delightful little idyll, and well worthy of the traditions of this famous variety hall. The fact that Mr. Alfred Moul, the managing director of the Alhambra, has written the music for this new production, makes it particularly interesting, and he has done his work as a composer admirably. Very artistic is the grouping of "Psyche," and the principal characters are entrusted to the beautiful Mlle. Leonora and that clever dancer Mlle. Britta.

"Madeline," who is "evoluting" (I like that word, don't you?) herself into favour at the Coliseum, gives her performance at this vast playhouse presumably under hypnotic influence. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to this statement though, and doubtless a merry controversy, from the box-office point of view, would not be the least undesirable of features, and "Madeleine" is really quite a graceful dancer, although, apart from the reported hypnotic influence, there is nothing new about her performance, which belongs to the Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, and Ruth St. Denis school.

In the Gay City.

Madame Simone Le Bargy—ex-wife of the famous actor and *Societaire* of the *Comedie Française*—the lady we have been requested to call "Madame Simone" for some time back, is now about to add Casimir Perier to her name. Madame Simone's second husband is no other than the son of a former President of the French Republic, and a very prominent man in numerous important French circles. It is not often that members of the French "upper ten" go to the stage for their wives, but perhaps Madame Simone—who, by the way, you once saw as George Alexander's leading lady at the St. James' Theatre in "The Adversary"—should not only be classed with the stage, for she holds quite a high social position, and it was as a member of Monsieur Le Bargy's school for society ladies who have a passion for amateur theatricals, that she first met the famous Societaire. It was not until many years after her marriage that she adopted the stage as her profession, and her *début* in "*Le Détour*" also served as a *début* for Henry Bernstein as a playwright. Since then Madame Simone has appeared in almost every play that Bernstein has written.

THE ORIGIN OF "JOHN BULL."

Many readers have asked us to give them, shortly, the origin and history of the phrase "John Bull," and we have now much pleasure in doing so.

As a matter of fact, in the year 1912 we shall be celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of our prototype's birth. In March, 1712, there appeared in London a satirical brochure, dealing with the events of the previous year and] bringing prominently into light the doings of Spain, Lewis XIV., Holland and England—the last-named country being represented by "John Bull." The work was a great success, and subsequent editions simply bore the title of "John Bull."

The original of the character was, as a matter of fact, John Bollingbroke, Minister of Queen Anne—who in the first edition was spoken of as "Lord Bullingbrook" and "John Bullingbrook" alternately—the title subsequently becoming abbreviated to plain "John Bull."

The popular idea that Swift was the author of the work is erroneous. It was the production of a Scotch writer, Dr. John Arbuthnot.

Although, however, the name originated nearly two hundred years ago, the actual figure with which we are familiar did not come into vogue until a later date, the most authentic evidence being in favour of Mr. Wm. Ball, who was born at Hersehay, Shropshire, on July 8th, 1795, and the original portrait of whom is now in our possession.

As we have before explained, Theodore Hook established a weekly paper under the title of *John Bull* in 1820, but it was not a financial success. The title was in use for many years, when it ceased to be known in the journalistic world, but in 1902 Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett established a rival *Punch* under that name. That was a failure, and it was left to us to give journalistic vitality to the title.

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What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

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W S J	102 0 0	W J G	242 10 0	C J W	138 11 3
E W C	291 15 0	C G B	119 0 0	R J C	112 10 0
J J W	136 5 0	W C.	124 10 0	W J G	261 5 0
N O R	145 0 0	W C.	106 0 0	W C	175 0 0
S M O	100 0 0	S H O L	100 0 0	A O A	130 0 0
G R R	125 0 0	M C	187 0 0	R G F	100 0 0
W C.	500 0 0	S M J	140 0 0	S A R	107 9 2
W P C	100 0 0	W C	180 0 0	R G S	150 0 0
Mr. D V	106 5 0	C G B	157 10 0	L P E	125 0 0
W C.	250 0 0	H B	114 0 0	W C	125 5 0
J H G	315 0 0	Miss D V	127 10 0	R J C	157 0 0
R D	310 0 0	N P S	102 0 0	J A B	300 0 0
W A H	150 0 0	F S	117 16 6	S P E	130 0 0
Mrs. H	100 0 0	H H	125 0 0	W C	152 17 9
W C.	250 0 0	A B	179 3 4	O M W	152 0 0
L P E	100 0 0				
J W	100 0 0				
A B	115 0 0				
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W C	242 4 8				
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THE NAVY AND THE NATION.

JUSTIFIABLE AGITATION.

The Naval agitation is beginning to overshadow Tariff Reform and all else, and rightly so. It is all very well for Mr. Lloyd George to talk about "jumpy" patriotism. Unhappily, the present uneasiness is not due to the scaremongers, but to the considered statements of leading members of the Cabinet, and more especially to the man reputed to be the most cautious of them all in the matter of language—Sir Edward Grey. The uneasiness, not to use a stronger word, that has spread throughout the length and breadth of the country has been intensified by the ominous admissions made by the Foreign Secretary from his place in Parliament a few days ago, but originated in the not less disquieting admissions of the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty that they have been all at sea as to their facts, that they have relied upon statements of their professional advisers which are now known to be very wide of the mark. The two-Power standard about which the Prime Minister talked so foolishly a few weeks ago has gone by the board, and men are now asking themselves whether in three or four years' time we shall have anything like decisive superiority over Germany alone—whether, as a matter of fact, we shall be equal to her in capital strength. In these circumstances, and having regard to the very equivocal declarations of Ministers as to what they propose to do to secure and maintain our Naval supremacy, it is only reasonable and right that the country should bestir itself, and see to it that, willy, nilly, Ministers do their duty in this most grave business—or give place to others who will.

We have from time to time, and long before the present agitation was thought of, insisted that the state of the Navy is anything but satisfactory, and that independent enquiry into its actual condition is imperatively required. The cry of the country is for eight *Dreadnoughts* instead of four, and we must have eight *Dreadnoughts* if we are to be in anything like the position we ought to be in three or four years hence. But, after all, this demand for eight *Dreadnoughts* instead of only four is only a part, and even a small part, of what it ought to be. It is not enough that we have a decisive superiority over Germany in the matter of capital ships; it is of not less importance that the many subsidiary ships that go to the making of an efficient fleet should be built, commissioned and kept at sea. Nor is it less necessary that there should be an ample supply of men to meet the requirements of the fleet, and adequate docks to berth vessels needing repair We have not got the subsidiary ships, the necessary number of men, or the dock accommodation. If the Navy is to be put in an efficient condition we must set to work to get all these things without delay; but even then the country cannot be safe unless the Fleet is controlled by competent men.

Now it is very well known that at the present time there is grave apprehension on the part of those best fitted to express an opinion as to the policy of the authorities at Whitehall. Contrary to the practice of the Admiralty for centuries past, authority has been centred for the last five or six years in one man. Instead of being *primus inter pares*, Sir John Fisher has been an autocrat. His will has been law, and the other Sea Lords have played second fiddle. That would have been unwise if Sir John Fisher's administration had satisfied the country that he is a man of supreme ability, and that under him the Fleet has reached a state of the highest efficiency. But all the evidence shows the contrary. Laymen may not be competent to express an opinion upon technical Naval questions, but they are competent to form an opinion as to the capacity of an official, and to mistrust him when they find that the orders of to-day are cancelled to-morrow, and he is without consistent policy. What is wanted over and above the rapid construction of vessels and the augmentation of the *personnel* of the Fleet, is an independent enquiry into the present Admiralty methods, and into the actual condition of the Fleet. We are satisfied that such enquiry would show that there have been very grave mistakes, and that if the Fleet is to be rendered really efficient, and the works of Rosyth and elsewhere are to be proceeded with as they ought to be, there must be a change in the supreme control. It will be found that it will be necessary, if we are to be safe, to spend not 35 millions, but much nearer 50 millions a year upon the Fleet, an expenditure which, so far as it is beyond the normal, ought to be provided by way of loan.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

PIANO STUDENTS

are often distressed at the slowness of their progress in Sight-Playing. Their progress is slow because they are not working upon scientific lines—upon a system worthy of the name.

Mere knowledge of the relations between notes and keys is not sufficient. *Sight-Playing is an act of the fingers and arms*, not merely looking at the keyboard, and it is therefore the business of a true system to establish an automatic and instantaneous connection between the muscular actions and the symbols which represent them. This is what

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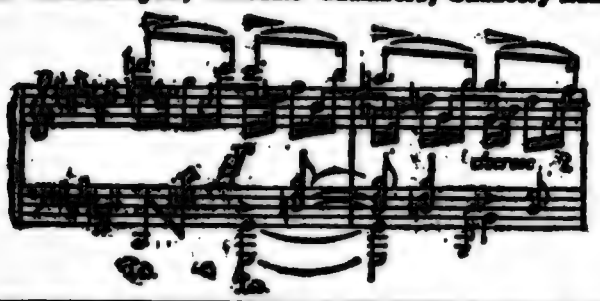

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ABSOLUTELY FREE

Don't wait if you have any of the symptoms of Consumption, if you have Chronic Catarrh Bronchitis. Asthma pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the Free Trial Treatment and book of instructions and cure yourself before it is too late.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Is Lloyd George really at a loss over the Budget?
Is Lord Charles Beresford waiting for the tide to turn?
Does the headline "Premier Tripped Up" indicate the fall of the Government?
How does Sir Douglas Straight like playing "odd man out"?
Are our dancers too "stayed," as the *British Medical Journal* suggests?
Why do they call it the Players' "Union"?
Aren't Maud Allan's all fare-well performances?
Will there be "The Devil" to pay at the Adelphi?
Shouldn't "jury" be often spelt "Jewry"?
Why doesn't the L.C.C. offer its fleet to the Admiralty?
Has King Peter of Servia been "brought to book" at last?

If a man breaks the law, the law generally returns the compliment.

The Hon. John Collier says his pictures are simply "presentations of scenes in everyday life." This year's picture represents the meeting between a mermaid and a land baby. Quite an everyday occurrence.

William Shakespeare was fined 2s. 6d. at Marylebone recently for being drunk and disorderly. An inherited taste for creating scenes.

Arthur Lancaster recently punched a two-pound ball for fifteen hours. A striking performance.

"Extraordinary Operation: Lady ——'s Heart to be Moved," we read. This is a sad reflection on the fairer portion of society.

A Munich servant has thrown up her place because her mistress interpreted classical music badly. It wasn't the work she minded, but the playing.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell says there ought to be a law to compel reprobate husbands to hand over weekly a sum sufficient for their families. There is, in most cases—a mother-in-law.

"Fast Day Trains," reads a Good Friday railway announcement. Very appropriate.

The cowgirls, to be seen at Earl's Court this summer, will no doubt be an attraction to bully boys.

Two Edinburgh parents complained that their children were made to take castor oil in school as a punishment. Penalties of this kind must be put down.

It is reported that sixteen people are living in one small cottage at Drayton. Little Englanders, evidently.

The Comet is described as "the liveliest thing out." We should have thought that a comet "out" would be the reverse of lively.

Judge Rentoul confesses that he has never understood an Income-tax form. Perhaps "Ignorance is bliss"?

The new shade for hosiery—purple—is rather appropriate. Purple and fine linen usually go together.

Mr. Victor Grayson says he is ashamed of the human race. Does he find it too slow, or too fast?

Bellringers at Long Sutton Parish Church have gone on strike. Residents in the church vicinity will support the strike funds handsomely.

"Sparrows" is the name of a new book. Rather flighty.

"A good many people seem to do worst when they think most," says Barry Pain, in a recent book. We accept his explanation.

SOME MORE SCHOOL "HOWLERS":—
The Confessor means a very wise man, like a Confessor of Mathematics.
"The Field of the Cloth of Gold" was a name given to the Atlantic Ocean, because of the many treasure-ships that went down in it.
"Ich Dien" is the motto on the Prince of Wales' features.
The Lollards started religion on a very high platform, but they fell off later on.
A fishing-boat saw the Armada, and it was sent from Plymouth to Scotland in a very short time by beacons.
Rizzio was a booby sort of man.
The names of the "Five Members" were Pym and four others.
Louis XIV. was the longest monarch the world has ever seen.
In the "Five Mile Act" no one who was a Catholic was to go within five miles of anywhere, nor might he be a teacher when he got there.
Columbus went to see if he could get into the world another way, but after some weeks he dropped on America.
Darnley was the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. He read the 55th Psalm, and was at once blown up.

84/- SUIT TO MEASURE for 45/-

(The quality of these goods is identical with those sold by West End Houses at £4-4-0.) It will pay you to investigate this. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.

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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE
Established 170 Years
GRAND PRIX AWARD FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Special Notice.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* enquiries *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* only those of general interest *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "bisciut" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.

We much regret that several anonymous persons—we cannot think they are readers of this journal—should have wasted money and time in sending us postcards bearing "The Endless Chain of Prayer." Our readers will remember this precious production is the work of a self-styled "Bishop," who probably found it impressed his dupes.

R. W. (Ayrshire) asks: "Can you let me know how many Babbit's Powders, bearing Trade Mark 1776, are shipped to Great Britain yearly? And where is British patriotism when they stand to be insulted by the Yankees every day they use them, keeping us in mind of the thrashing we got in 1776?" We answer the questions by asking others: What are Babbit's Powders? Were they something imported into New England in the momentous year mentioned to increase the number of the colonists?

Q. K. X. (Aberdeen).—You must not confuse John M.P. with our noble steed John Bull.

"Vigilant" (Birmingham) justifies his name by pointing out a printer's error in our own paper, and also encloses a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* stating that everybody drinks a certain beverage in Paris. No doubt the Gay City *would* be rather crowded if everybody in the world rushed there to take the water.

W. J. F. (Strand).—The phrase "wild acclamations" is quite correct, acclamation meaning a shout of applause.

T. H. H. (Norbury) has effected an insurance at Lloyd's against Parliament dissolving before Decembe: 31st next He says the premium was 10 guineas per cent. We advise him to stick to his policy.

S. D. M. (Kennington).—Mark your letter "private," and it will receive personal attention.

A. C. C. (Bristol).—Your first suggestion is practically carried out by our number scheme. Our publishers send men and motor cars to each of the large towns in turn, to work up the local circulation.

J. J. O'C. (Cork) thinks our recent reference to a poor woman's application to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was unfounded, as "time is never wasted in writing letters." We had, however, the original of the Secretary's letter before us when writing the paragraph. The President of the Conference also writes, informing us that the family referred to "is well known to the Conference, and has received considerable help in the past. For reasons which seemed good to the Conference, it was decided not to give further help. The great number of appeals of all sorts for assistance, which its resources are unable to satisfy, compel the Conference to exercise a discrimination which all social workers approve." We, of course, have never disputed the right of the Society to refuse assistance; what we pointed out was that there was no word of sympathy or courtesy in the Secretary's letter to the poor woman.

W. H. M. (Coventry).—We have had no recent complaints regarding the firm in question. Surely you are mistaken in saying that it is identical with the other concern you mention?

F. M. (Rayleigh) says that the paper containing the offer of a reward to anyone "who could prove that Jesus Christ was ever on earth" was the *North London Gazette*, in which it was published about eighteen months ago. He says the offer was £250 cash and three houses (or, say, £1,000) to anyone to *prove*—not assert—that any such person ever existed, the writer undertaking to prove to the contrary.

Mr. Francis Wright, who nominated Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as a candidate for the King's Norton District Council, writes that his action served a good purpose. He says that last September an old man was elected for the same Ward, and he has been away ill ever since. Now the same people are, he states, bringing forth a candidate who either cannot, or is afraid to, speak. In nominating Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Knight recognised the fact that West Birmingham is satisfied that their member should be absent from Parliament, and he concluded that the Urban District Council might do likewise, rather than have the other gentleman referred to.

"Sunny Jim" (Dublin) wishes us to have the body of Stirnot Homes exhumed, with a view to making quite sure that he is dead. We will consult Dr. Whatson on the subject.

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME.

There is no home amusement that can compare with Billiards. With its endless combination of positions and strokes it never palls—never becomes wearisome. Played on **Riley's Miniature Tables** the game is just as correct as on standard tables, because the tables are built in exact proportions.

The tables can be placed in a moment on any dining table, or supplied as combined dining and billiard table. Prices are astonishingly low, ranging from £3 7s. 6d. upwards. **Cash or Easy Payments.**

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ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

THE TRUE REASON ONLY FOUR "DREADNOUGHTS" HAVE BEEN BUILT.

Scandalous Waste of the Public Money.

HOW ONE POUND OUT OF FOUR IS THROWN AWAY.

At the present moment the one topic of conversation, the subject of the leading articles in every newspaper of importance, and the Liberal Government's nightmare is the two-Power plus ten standard, and why we cannot have eight *Dreadnoughts*.

A decision, world-reaching in importance, and practically guaranteeing the existence of a great people was arrived at in the German Reichstag, some days back, when the Navy estimates, which provided for greater things than had ever been done before in the way of ship-building, were passed without one dissentient voice.

What a comparison between this and our own Government.

Why should this state of affairs exist in any civilised country, let alone England, the first of all sea Powers?

The truth can be told in few words, one simple sentence answers the question—the want of money. From this answer another question arises—why should money be so scarce that a great land cannot even build enough ships to protect its own shores? The real answer to this is, "Because the average man or woman, the taxpayer of the country, does not know the value of money, and is even incapable of correctly purchasing the commonest necessities of life." How much more important this becomes when a man or woman lays out such amounts as ten pounds, twenty or fifty pounds or even one or five or more hundreds!"

We should be sorry to say that England is a nation of spendthrifts, rather should we blame the shopkeeper firstly, and the general public in a smaller degree. Let us take, for instance, the man or woman for that matter, who is thinking of buying furniture. What is the first thing he does? He buys a newspaper and looks down the advertising columns—the first firm striking his eye being the one he patronises.

Now surely in a case like this, when furniture has to be bought—and once bought, placed in the home, there to always remain—one should use judgment in going to the best possible market. May we claim your attention for a few minutes while we speak about a firm, one of the finest in the trade, and doing a business second in importance to none? We mean the Midland Furnishing Company, Limited, of 15, 17, 19, 21 and 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Here is a house, selling the goods of the finest quality and workmanship at prices easily within the reach of all. In their showrooms are goods ranging from the very cheapest to the most expensive that could possibly be desired. Furniture can be bought from this house to suit any purse. And now a great point, one that we can surely say affects nine hundred and ninety nine men out of one thousand: the paying for the home. In the present day how many people can afford to pay ready money for a comfortable home? Hardly anybody. This is where the Midland Furnishing Company scores again. Furniture can be selected from them, and the payments extended over one, two, three or even more years without any interest or one farthing extra charge, neither do they ask for any deposit.

Don't forget this point, it is more than important. Nowadays, when so many houses add interest for credit given, it is refreshing to find a house like the Midland Furnishing Company, of Southampton Row, Holborn, where a customer is treated as a customer should be, that is, with consideration. By this we mean, that although they naturally make a profit from him, this profit is the smallest possible, and the value given is more than fair.

Should you live in the country your fare to town is paid, providing, of course, that you become a customer for the comparatively small sum of thirty pounds. Or again the goods required may be selected from the catalogue, which is mailed post free upon request.

Their goods are all marked in plain figures, and a child might shop without fear of paying one halfpenny more than the fair market value of the goods.

Even if you are not thinking of purchasing, you are always more than welcome to look round their showrooms.

We must state in all fairness to the firm that without doubt their stock and methods of business are without superiors in the furniture trade.

THE TURKISH BATH MAN AND INFLUENZA.

Have you stopped to think of the appalling danger of influenza? Perhaps you have not had a real experience of what it means. A slight touch is not apparently worse than a severe cold. Many people who have not suffered from influenza or have only suffered from a slight attack make light of it.

But there is a real danger in influenza. In these treacherous days it is an enemy to personal safety. In one week the deaths attributable to this scourge in London alone totalled 125. In four weeks of bitterly cold and raw, changeable days the mortality for influenza jumped up to 25 the first week, then to 36, and afterwards to 66, and finally to 125.

In the same period the deaths from bronchitis and pneumonia showed a marked increase, and in their numbers were doubtless many cases directly due to the weakening effect of influenza.

Mortality returns, even when the results are so obvious, do not show anything like the real suffering caused by influenza. There are thousands who have influenza and become convalescent, only to suffer untold torture through weakness, depression, and broken nerves. One of the most cruel legacies of influenza is its after-effects, which sometimes last for years.

Influenza is a serious matter to everyone. It is painful and wearing while it lasts; its after-effects are still more distressing, in virulent form it is a danger to life.

But *this* is influenza weather. Ask any doctor you know, and you will find he is being run off his feet with demands for his care and skill in houses stricken with the trouble.

The man who is well to-day—the woman, too—may be in the hands of this demon which comes with changeable weather to-morrow!

And influenza can be prevented. The point is—how!

Well, I never have influenza for one simple reason only—I keep my body fit. I keep my body well and strong by Turkish bathing. I take my Turkish baths in my own home, once, twice, or three times per week. I use my "Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet."

How does Turkish bathing ward off influenza, you ask?

I answer: "In two ways: first, by entire prevention; second, by arresting the trouble directly it shows the preliminary symptoms."

You might be well if you use my Turkish Bath. It keeps the blood supply rich and pure, and the skin acting freely. It improves the circulation. An improved circulation and a pure blood supply—mean prevention.

Influenza attacks the body when it is at a low state of vitality. A healthy body should have sufficient vitality to resist disease. I attribute my immunity from influenza to a healthy body, and I *know* my body is healthy because I continually use the Gem Turkish Bath.

And I do not wrap up or take care of myself. I go lightly clad—some people say recklessly clad. I live on the coast, and my little boat is out in the bitterest weather, when other pleasure yachts are laid up. I experience exposure which more careful people may would kill them.

Now, this is not brag in any way. It is necessary to my teaching that I should frankly quote my experience. I want you to realise I am no crank, molly-coddling myself, and fearing to face the cold days.

I experience more cold weather, under more trying conditions, than most men.

And I do not get the influenza. I protect myself by prevention.

You can do the same. Or you can arrest influenza. How?

Well, assume, one of these cold days, you land home dead tired. Perhaps your head feels tight or heavy; your face suddenly flushes; a pain shoots in your back; you feel heavy and weary in the limbs.

It may be one of two things—simply a cold, weary tiredness, or the first warning of influenza. In these days, it usually means the latter.

Take out my Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet. Set the heating apparatus going. Pack yourself in the bath, and sit there for half an hour.

In a few minutes you have left winter, with its cold fog and damp, behind you. You might be in the sunny south. You will begin to feel as if you are.

In a short time, after free perspiration, the blood is renewed, and circulates more freely. The system throws off the effects of the chill. The head does not feel tight; you do not go suddenly hot; you have no pain; your limbs feel free and elastic.

Cool off, sponge down, go to bed, drink a glass of hot milk. You will sleep like a top, you awaken refreshed—and you *will not have influenza*.

"And very nice, too, as an advertising story," the sceptic says. Very well.

You can believe me or not. I do not want your faith. You try my bath. Try it—try my statements—my friends say I'm a little mad on Turkish bathing.

The Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet costs 30s. complete, with stove. Send me a cheque for that amount, post-dated, and try it for one week. If you do not believe in the Cabinet at the end of the week, send it back. I will return your cheque.

Or you can have the bath for 10s. down and your promise to pay five monthly instalments of 4s. 6d. If at the end of the week you do not believe in the bath, send it back. I will return your half-sovereign.

Or read my Booklet, "Perfect Health," which fully states the Case for Turkish Bathing. A postcard will bring it free. Address my Company, The Gem N. Supplies Co., Ltd., 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

THE GEM N. SUPPLIES CO., LTD., JOHN BULL.
22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Enclosed find Money Order value 30s., for which send me one 30s. No. 1 Standard Bath Cabinet. This Money Order is sent on the understanding that I am at liberty to return the cabinet within the next ten days, and my Money Order will be returned.

Name.....

Address.....

V. A. (Hampstead) says that she received a salary of 10s. a week as clerk, and because she objected to the secretary—a man receiving about £300 a year—charging the company 12s. 6d. a week for her services she has been discharged. Why not write to the directors at their private addresses?

F. W. A. (Worthing).—The holders of successful numbers are required to canvass for readers by distributing specimen copies, etc., to endeavour to prevail upon restaurant proprietors, hairdressers, and others to allow our show card to be prominently exhibited in return for a free weekly copy of the paper, and generally to advance the interests of the journal by all legitimate means in their power.

G. E. C. (Coventry).—See first part of answer to W. H. M. of your town.

The Rev. Delme Radcliffe, *apropos* our recent par regarding the cassock of the chaplain of the Andover Workhouse, writes to correct the statement that he is the official referred to, he being merely one of the Guardians. Our apologies are due to Mr. Radcliffe, and are hereby tendered.

E. A. T., Jr. (Moseley) has read John Bull from its first number, and has come to the conclusion that we are "a Jingo, and humbug, and an outsider." But as he says he shall always read our paper, we forgive him. Otherwise, we should make him EAT his words.

"Admirer" (Greenock) and others call our attention to a somewhat belated apology in the *Greenock Telegraph* in reference to a scurrilous par which appeared in that journal concerning our Editor at the time of the late Guildhall proceedings. It is pointed out that the apology, though ample in its terms, is unheaded, and is smuggled in under the Sugar Market Report. Perhaps our contemporary thought it made it sweeter. Fortunately for the proprietors of the *Greenock Telegraph*, they are out of the jurisdiction of the English Courts, or there might have been trouble.

B. B. (Mitcham) is hurt by our recent references to the Rev. R. J. Campbell. We assure her we have no personal feeling against the rev. gentleman—whom in many ways we greatly admire. By the way, B. B. should read our reference to the late Dr. Parker in the journalistic section of our Book.

Mr. Herbert Richards, 5, Dartmouth Road, Forest Hill, will be pleased to present Nos. 87 to 147 inclusive of John Bull to any Radical Association or Club that would like to have them.

Will the anonymous writer who forwarded a shilling towards our Defence Fund kindly favour us with his address, as we should like to send him a copy of our Book in return?

P. O'G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) and other Catholics write us in defence of the Bishop of Galloway's Pastoral, but we think we will now leave the matter where it is. We have many Catholic readers, and should be sorry to say a word to displease them.

If Vincent Day, who replied to H. E.'s request for a companion, will write again giving his present address, H. E. will at once communicate with him.

R. S. (Brixton Hill).—You are too technical. "Needless to say" is a legitimate introduction to the expression of an obvious truth.

W. B. M. (Greenwich).—A thousand or so makes no difference in these days.

J. O. (Lanarkshire).—Your idea, together with many others, shall receive our most sympathetic consideration.

L. D. (Petit Codiak) and other Canadian readers send us copies of local papers containing flattering appreciations of our Editor. Evidently Canada is desirous of heaping coals of fire upon our head.

J. B. (Shanghai) tells us that a telegram announcing the dismissal of the Guildhall proceedings was received out there with enthusiasm, and promises us some interesting revelations "about missionaries" at an early date.

E. M. (Lambeth) sends us an interesting summary of a conversation he overheard about us in a public-house. We wish we had been there to order drinks.

H. E. (Hartlepool) forwards us a cutting from the *Modern Man*, in which there are some complimentary references to our Editor in a column headed somewhat ambiguously "Cheek"—which appears to be a fairly good imitation of our "Bull's Eyes" feature.

Mr. D. J. Munro, Anæsthetist to the Metropolitan Ear, etc., Hospital, writes us *re* our comment on the General Anæsthetics Bill. He says that the Bill is an attempt to diminish the dangers of anæsthesia, and it will provide for the present time by forbidding the administration of general anæsthetics by any but registered medical men and dental surgeons. He does not think that registered dentists of the present generation will be excluded, for many reasons, not least of which is that the dentist has had training in the art of administering nitrous oxide gas (and *only* nitrous oxide gas; emphatically *not* anæsthetics in general). For the future the Bill will enforce teaching of the art of giving anæsthetics to all medical students: and it *must* utterly root out the dangerous practice of operator, whether dentist or surgeon, giving the anæsthetic also, working alone. He remarks that the administration of any general anæsthetic, even nitrous oxide is, in the words of a famous surgeon, "to take the patient to the edge of the grave and a few feet down it." That being so, while admitting that the average dentist is more competent to administer nitrous oxide than the average doctor, one must contend that almost any doctor, however incompetent, is better fitted than the most accomplished (purely) dental surgeon to restore life in the case of a patient apparently dead or in danger, as may sometimes happen even when nitrous oxide is the agent used. Apropos of "providing the medical anæsthetist with a job," his experience is that the professional anæsthetist—the man who has discovered a peculiar innate aptitude for the work—loves it for its own sake, in spite of the extremely arduous responsibility and mental and physical strain. Competition is not severe because the work is not generally attractive (being badly paid), nor will he find his work increasing, because he is comparatively so scarce now that he already has all the work he can do. The Bill will make no difference to the professional anæsthetist. It will compel all doctors to know something about a very vital branch of their work. And it will add immensely to the safety of the patients. He further asserts that it is a not unknown thing, in the country, for dentists to give gas with the help of an (often unqualified) assistant or attendant, and then to charge a "fee for the doctor," thus doing an injustice both to the patient and to the doctor. But in London he does not know a single dentist who ever gives gas except with the help of a medical man.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

The Effect of Electricity on Disease.

NO LONGER A MATTER OF DOUBT.

Every day brings fresh proof of the value of electricity as a remedy for human ills. Cases which only a few years ago were considered incurable are now treated with the utmost success. Patients who have been trying medicines until they made a drug shop of their stomachs suddenly realise that the old system is wrong. They have been dosing their poor stomachs with poisonous materials until the entire organic system has rebelled against it. It is suicidal to continue such a practice. Electricity is the remedy which should be used in all cases. It is perfectly harmless, and yet so many thousands owe their recovery to it.

Prof. O. S. Fowler, in his work on the treatment of nervous diseases, says: "Sufferers little realise how far they are restorable, yet they seek relief in the wrong directions, for medicines cannot cure this class of disease, but, on the contrary, they almost universally prove injurious. They are no more adapted to reach these cases than a dose of ipecac or jalap is to assuage a mother's grief for the loss of her darling babe, for, the disease being largely local, the restoratives must be applied directly to those prostrated parts; and, since electricity is undoubtedly the instrumentality of all life, it necessarily follows that this element constitutes Nature's one most potent remedy in these diseases, when rightly applied."

Every scientist who has devoted any time to the study of electricity is enthusiastic in its curative powers. It cures because it supplies the necessary life element. The cure is pleasant, being accomplished while the patient rests. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery is peculiarly adapted to all general ailments. It is, without doubt, the most successful treatment known to-day.

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A treatise on the subject has just been published that is well worth two guineas to any health seeker. It is entitled: "Electricity: The Road to Health." It tells all about the human body, the cause of disease, and how it can be cured. The subject of health is exhaustively treated in this eighty page pamphlet, a free copy of which will be sent to any reader of "John Bull." Simply drop a postcard or a note to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Not one penny of expense is attached to your application. The book will be sent in a perfectly plain envelope, sealed: or call for a free test.—[Advt.]

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

The Destination of all Crack Galloways.

That smart little sprinter, Opal, has just been shipped to India, and even there he must be a veritable champion, for although only 14-2½, he was well able to beat some of our best sprinters, when carrying a middle-weight in valuable open sprint handicaps last season. The little horse was submitted for sale at the Newmarket December auctions. I was very anxious indeed to procure him for South Africa, but he just exceeded my limit. This accentuates the absurdity of fixing a *positive* price, to which many buyers abroad think a racehorse can be exactly fitted, as if one were buying yards of ribbon. I am always open to utilise my experience and opportunities to help those desiring to import from England thoroughbred racing stock, but would always ask a fairly free hand as regards the approximate price. Many a time a mere question of £10 or £20 prevents a horse being bought or claimed out of a race. Last season, for instance, Ute, after being left at the post in a selling plate at Brighton, was claimed for £150. Since then she has won two or three valuable nurseries and £1,000 has been refused for her. One never knows when exactly similar opportunities crop up!

Continental Racing.

The best horses in Denmark now are Flax Park, owned and ridden by Count Donresgeld; Tilston, possessed and frequently ridden by Captain Linder; and Crackajack II., the property of Mr. O. C. Scavenius. The whole of the betting there is by pari mutuel. Racing is progressing rapidly in the country, and the King and Queen usually attend every meeting. The two big fixtures are held in June and July, with two days at each, on the principal course at Klampenbarge, four miles out of Copenhagen. Besides the owners named, Lieutenant Knut Stienswarde and Mr. Carl Tragardh are the principal supporters of racing. This year Denmark is to have its first Derby for three-year-old fillies or colts, which must be bred in the country.

Prophetic.

Owing to the holidays, it is really impracticable, except as guesswork, to deal with the future, especially as it is now already compulsory to express an opinion upon the City and Suburban. Much as I appreciate the old horse's extraordinary partiality for the course, I cannot believe in Dean Swift having improved since last year, and being able, in a better class field, to carry an increased weight home. My opinion is that if thoroughly well, whichever Persse runs will win, but Sir Archibald is more likely to be kept for a sprint handicap, and Hayden for his lucky course—Kempton. With this reservation, it may possibly be best to give another chance to the hitherto luckless

All Black,

who is doing well now, and if fancied on the day will go very close indeed.

It is possible that the horse may compete in the Babraham Plate to-day (Thursday) at headquarters, which will in itself be a guide, for he should certainly win this amongst inferior class.

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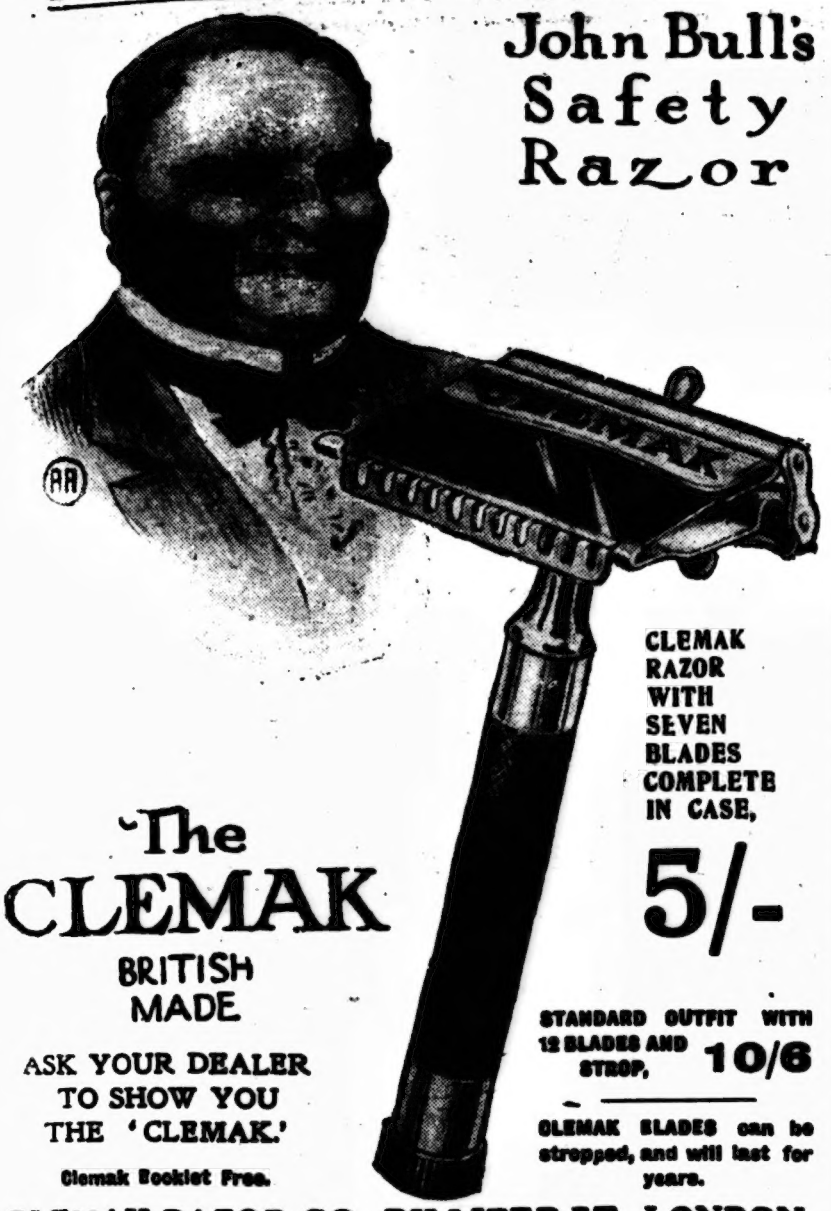

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The following claims have been received for the issue of February 27th:—
H. E. K. ADAMS, Sunny Bank, Gresford, North Wales. (No. 250114.)
PAUL ALTMANN, Royal Hotel, Matlock Bath. (No. 210242.)
JOHN MILLER, 327, Victoria Road, Crosshill, Glasgow. (No. 52287.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 13th:—

476; 13312; 14442; 18075; 23379; 40118; 47986; 53102; 54173; 56542; 58189; 62888; 69311; 81005; 87100; 92474; 98876; 100342; 107985; 112764; 117289; 126369; 129468; 131242; 139587; 143308; 149512; 162217; 168735; 178889; 179613; 183108; 187606; 194574; 197760; 208114; 223925; 227008; 236038; 239863; 245369; 249170; 252004; 253000; 260184; 267479; 280139; 284037; 289993; 296940.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 22ND (PUBLISHED MAY 20TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

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BY

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